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Number I

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

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CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1929

PAGE

COVER DESIGN . . . . . *Hazel Frazee*

GREETING PAGE

PUZZLED . . . . . *Rose Waldo* 5
Drawing by Mildred Lyon Hetherington

FRONTISPIECE. 6
Drawing by Mildred Lyon Hetherington

NEW YEAR SONG . . . *Marjorie Barrows* 7
Drawing by Mildred Lyon Hetherington

NURSERY NUGGETS

FREDDY GOLDFISH . . . *Harriet Eager Davis* 8
Illustrations by Margaret Caldwell

HOW THE PIXIES CAME BACK
Mildred Plew Merryman 10
Decorations by John Gee Curley

LITTLE ARTISTS

JOHN MILLAIS AND THE FRENCH SOLDIERS
Mary Newlin Roberts 12
Illustrations by Helen Wallace

PUZZLE—THE NUREMBERG STOVE
Helen Hudson 15

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS

THE SNOWBALL BUSH . *Marjorie Barrows* 16
Illustrations by Clarence Biers

PAGE

CHIP'S CHUMS . . . *Marjorie Barrows* 19
Silhouettes by L. Kate Deal

THE MYSTERY OF MIFFLES

SERIAL, PART II . . . . *Frances Cavanah* 20
Illustrations by Alice Carsey

SECOND WILD ANIMAL CONTEST
David Newell 24

OUR WORKSHOP . . . . . *A. Neely Hall* 26

CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

CRUMPLE PUDDING. . *Clara Ingram Judson* 29
Silhouettes by L. Kate Deal

INDOOR PASTIMES

OUR BOOK FRIENDS . . *Avis Freeman Meigs* 31

A POP CORN FROLIC . . . *Loie E. Brandom* 32
Illustrations by Margaret R. Gardner

SAMMY SNOWMAN . . . . *Nancy Clinton* 33
Illustration by Gertrude A. Strickler

THE TREASURE HUNT FOR SLEEPING BEAUTY
Bertha Blodgett 38

YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S . . *Marie Driggs* 39

LACE HANDKERCHIEFS. . *Eleanor Hammond* 42

LET US DRAW . . . . . *Ethel M. Rice* 42

JOY GIVERS' CLUB 45

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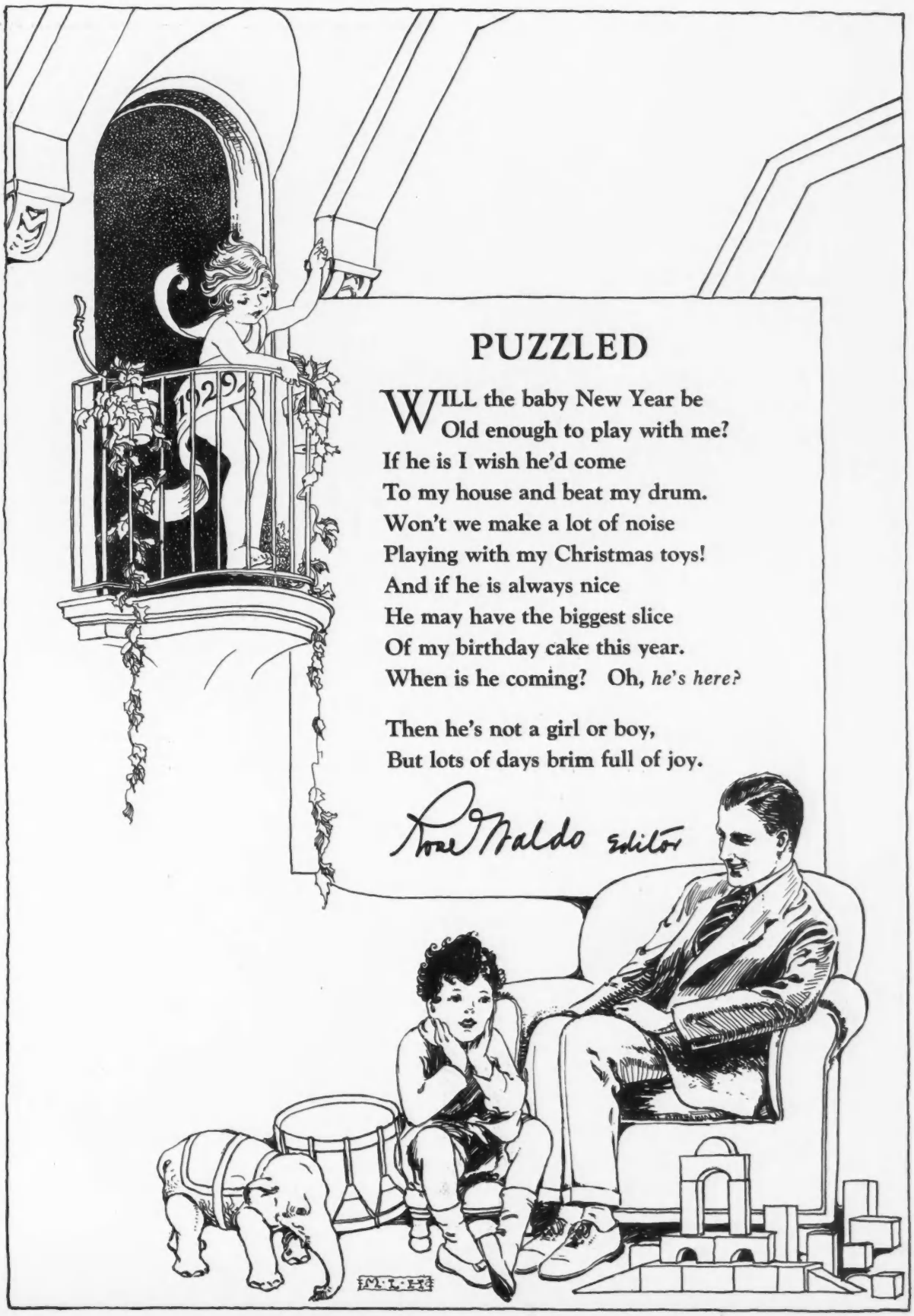
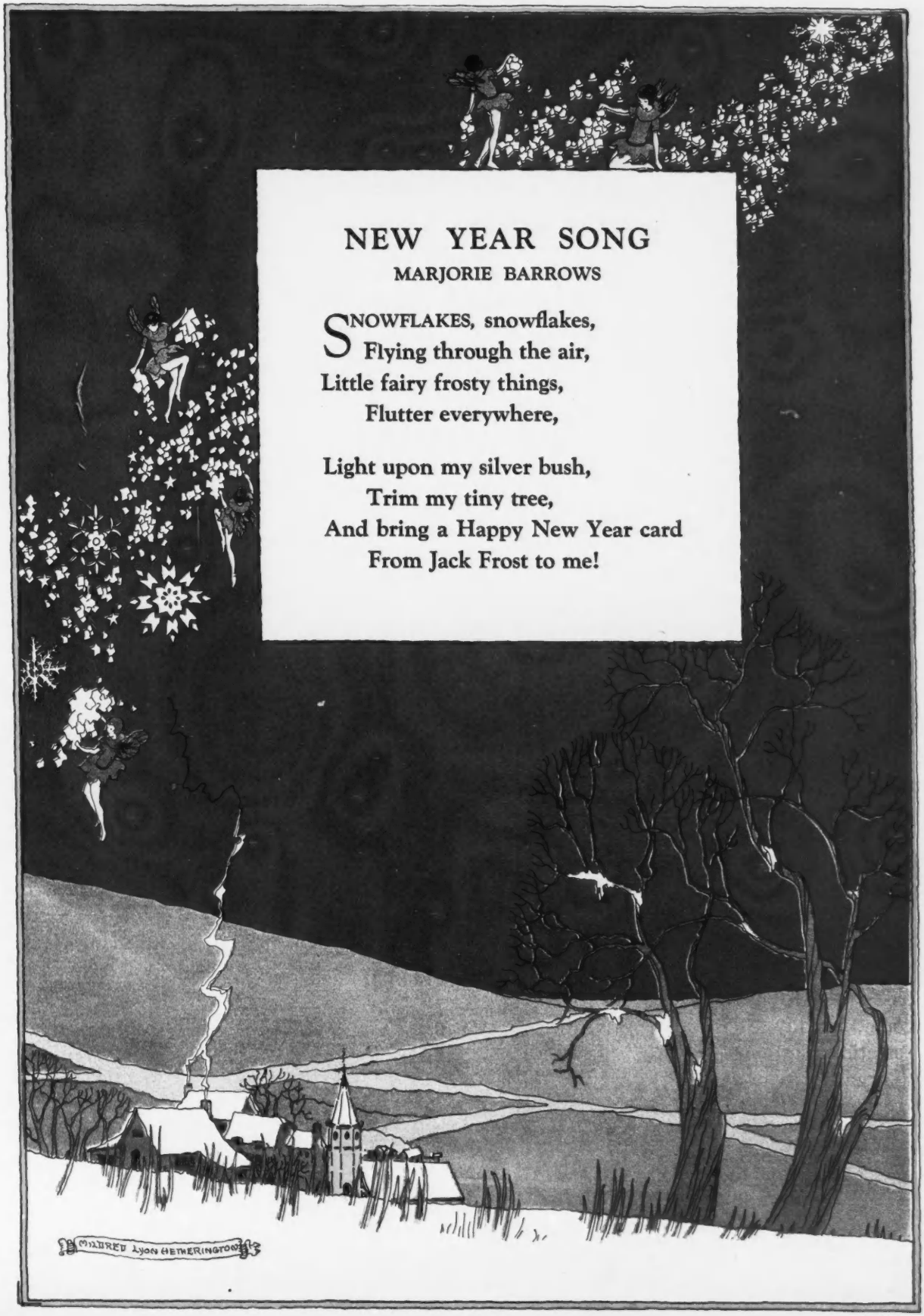


PUZZLED

WILL the baby New Year be
Old enough to play with me?
If he is I wish he'd come
To my house and beat my drum.
Won't we make a lot of noise
Playing with my Christmas toys!
And if he is always nice
He may have the biggest slice
Of my birthday cake this year.
When is he coming? Oh, *he's here?*

Then he's not a girl or boy,
But lots of days brim full of joy.

Rose Maldo Editor


NEW YEAR SONG
MARJORIE BARROWS
SNOWFLAKES, snowflakes,
Flying through the air,
Little fairy frosty things,
Flutter everywhere,
Light upon my silver bush,
Trim my tiny tree,
And bring a Happy New Year card
From Jack Frost to me!
MILDRED LYON HETHERINGTON

FREDDY GOLDFISH

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

THERE was once a little goldfish named Freddy who lived all alone with his mother in a big round glass house filled with water. They called it the Goldfish Bowl. At the bottom, a green plant waved to and fro beside a little gray cave full of holes where Freddy loved to swim in and out.

Now Freddy was a lively boy, and though, of course, he loved his mother, he did grow very lonesome for a playmate his own age.

"Come on, Mother," he would beg. "Please play hide-and-seek just once." But Mother only shook her gills, sighing, "My fins feel too tired to-day, son," and then she would sink slowly down to the bottom of the bowl and take a long, floating nap beside the gray cave, while Freddy tried to amuse himself alone at the top of the water.

It was pretty hard on a boy-fish, for after he had tried his corkscrew dive, and nibbled at the green plant, and poked his nose against the glass walls, and swum round and round, there was nothing much left to do. Outside the big window across the room, Freddy sometimes saw a great gray creature with four strange fins not a bit like his, and a long, long gray tail, sitting on the fence and licking herself.

"Maybe that would come and play with me," he thought, and then he would splash and dive till his scales shone, trying to attract the stranger's attention. Once the big gray creature jumped to the window sill, scratching at the closed glass pane and crying, "Mieow!" But just then the girl who lived in the house ran in, screaming, "Scat! Go away! Bad cat! Scat!" and the gray cat jumped lightly over the fence and away.

Freddy liked the girl, though she was a funny-looking thing, with her long, flopping fins and no tail at all. He liked her because every other day she dropped crumbled bits of delicious flaky food into the bowl, and he liked the boy, too, because two or three times a week he changed their water.

That always frightened Mother, but Freddy loved to feel himself picked up in the boy's warm hand, and dropped, all wiggling and slippery, into a little china bowl of water, while their own house was being emptied and filled again. Then back they flopped into the Bowl once more, and oh, how good that fresh water

tasted! Even Mother liked it.

"Great finny fins!" she would say. "This place was getting so stuffy I couldn't breathe."

And she and Freddy would take deep draughts of pure water, swimming up and down and finding all sorts of new and curious things the boy and girl couldn't see.

One day, just as the boy was holding him over the kitchen sink, Freddy gave a sudden wiggle, and the next thing he knew he was gasping for water and sliding straight towards a round dark scary hole unable to help himself. Just in time the boy caught him.

"Whew!" he said to his sister afterwards. "The little fish nearly slipped down the drain pipe."

But for a long time now, nothing exciting had happened. Freddy wished something would, for life in the Bowl had grown very dull. One warm morning, when the windows were open to the spring breeze, the boy and girl hung over his Bowl so long, watching him and talking, that he hoped they were up to something, but he couldn't understand their talk and presently they both went out.

Freddy swam to Mother, but the warm day had made her drowsy.

"Freddy," she yawned, "I'm just obliged to get a nap. Now please don't go splashing round the house making a lot of ripples. Be a good quiet boy now, and don't disturb me."

And floating down to the bottom of the Bowl, she lay very still beside the gray cave.

For a while Freddy tried to amuse himself watching what went on outside the Bowl, but the big room was empty and very dull. His scales itched to try a corkscrew dive and his tail could scarcely keep from splashing. But he had promised Mother.

So very quietly he moved about the top of the water, poking his nose against the glass walls and wishing something would happen. Then outside the open window, on the fence, he saw the big gray cat, licking herself and blinking in the sun.

Freddy looked down at Mother. She seemed sound asleep. He wiggled his tail. Mother didn't stir. He wiggled it again. Mother slept on. So, growing bolder, Freddy began to swim up and down, twisting and turning and splashing to catch the old gray cat's attention. At last she looked his way.

"Come and play with me! Come and play with me!" cried Freddy, his scales sparkling in the sun, and whether the cat understood fish-talk or not, a strange look came into her big yellow eyes. She stopped licking herself, stood up, stretched, and then

[Continued from page 84]

HOW THE PIXIES CAME BACK

By MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN
Author of "*Bonbon and Bonbonette*," etc.

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy, who spent all his play time looking for pixies; but although he looked carefully beneath the gooseberry bushes and into the well and under his pillow, not one pixie did he see.

So at length he said to his mother, "Mother, where are all the pixies gone?"

"Lawks!" cried his mother, clapping her hands together. "Pixies went out of style long ago. Why, I haven't seen a pixie since hoop skirts and before. Nowadays, there aren't any pixies, son,"

"Pooh!" said the little boy, and he went straight to his granny.

"Granny," said the little boy, "where are the pixies gone?"

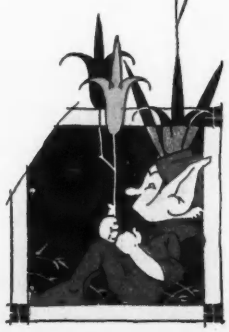
"La!" said his grandmother. "There aren't any pixies anymore. There haven't been any pixies since my mother's mother found the last one in her churn, years and years and years ago."

"Pooh!" said the little boy, and directly he had said it, he put on his rubbers and his rain hat and his slicker, for it was a rainy day that day, and he went out of the house and out of the gate, and up the road and into the world and on and on and on. And everywhere he went he looked for pixies, but not a single pixie did he see—till at length he came to the spot where all the wispy roads grow thin at the edge of the world, and the sky came down so low it almost bumped him on the head. And lo, directly in front of him stood a rainbow with one leg in the world and one leg out of it.

"I'll go over!" said the little boy.

So he did. Up the bridge and over the bridge went the little boy and came to the world beyond this world.

"It looks much the same as our world," thought the little boy, "only it's lots greener and fresher, too. I suppose this one hasn't been used so long, or maybe they just take better care of it. What a nice springy smell it has, to be sure! There *must* be pixies here!"



And barely had he spoken, when perched upon a hollyhock he spied a pixie prince, and immediately behind him, from every leaf and bud and branch, there popped a pixie's head.

"Well, *this* is more like it!" murmured the little boy, whereupon he turned to the pixie prince and he bowed and said, "Tell me, pixie prince, why did you all leave my world? Aren't there any of you there any more?"

"Bless my buckles, no!" cried the pixie prince. "Who wants to live in *that* old world? *Those* people don't care about *us* any longer! They're *much* too busy to bother with pixies! Somebody was always stepping on us over there, and twice in my last week I was sat on. They don't need pixies in *your* world!"

"Oh, my," said the little boy, "*that's* not so! I need you, anyway."

"Do you, sure enough? How nice!" cried the pixie prince. "I'll tell you what—if you can think up three people in your world who would give something precious to get us back, we'll come."

"Anne would!" said the little boy. "Anne lives next door, and she said herself, one day, she'd give her newest speckled puppy for a pixie."

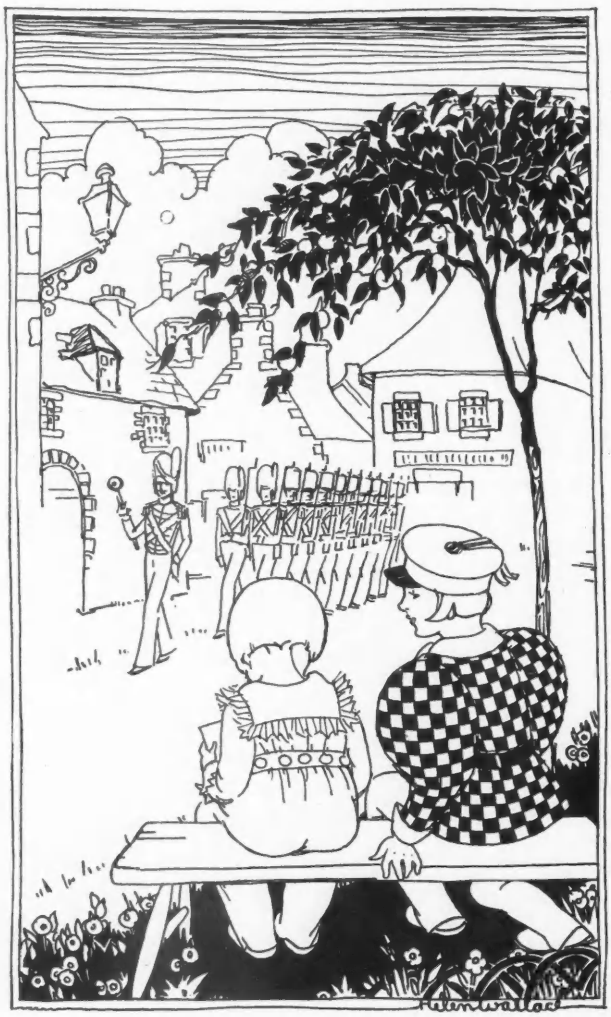
"Very good!" said the pixie prince. "That's one!"

[*Continued on page 42*]

JOHN MILLAIS AND THE FRENCH SOLDIERS

By MARY NEWLIN ROBERTS

EVERY few days at a certain hour in the year 1835 there would be a rumble of drums in the Place aux Charmes in the little town of Dinan in France and then, as the open square filled with the gay blue coats of French soldiers meeting for the roll call, two little English boys would dash out of a house near-by and run helter-skelter to a bench under a lime tree where they could swing their heels and have a good view of the fine proceedings. It was glorious fun to see the bayonets shine and the blue coats moving together in such a neat one-piece way and it was amusing, too, for two English boys, to hear the shouts and excitable commands given in the nasal French guttural.



At the end of the drill and roll call each soldier would be presented with a loaf of black bread which he stuck on the point of his bayonet and carried away across his shoulder.

William Millais and his little brother, John, would scream with delight at this, no matter how many times before they had seen the self-same thing. They never tired of watching the soldiers.

Sometimes little John would bring a tablet and pencil and, sitting down very quiet and busy with his yellow head bent low and his tongue in his cheek, would draw pictures of the square and the lime trees and the blue-coated soldiers with their bayonets sticking up and their coat tails flying out and their feet marching out before. And his mother, who was very proud of her little six-year-old boy who could draw so well, would stand at the window in the house near-by and smile down at them and wave, once for William and once for John. William would smile and wave back but little John would sometimes be too busy with his pencil to look or think about anything but what he was doing.

Then one fine day there was a king's birthday or some such big event and when the drums sounded there was also the merry music of a band and when William and John arrived panting, there were rather more soldiers than usual, more strutting and imposing officers about, and best of all, the Tambeur-Major.

He wheeled into view very suddenly and he was an enormous man, large for any country anywhere but appearing almost a giant here amongst the small, quick soldiers.

His uniform was fairly ablaze with gold trappings—golden tassels hung from him, golden braid flashed along his sleeves and pantaloons, golden buttons shone upon his chest. On his head he carried with wonderful pride and balance a tall, bearskin pinnacle of a hat which added to the impression of his height. Advancing with great dignity, he marched about the Place followed by the band and escorted by a delighted throng of little French street boys who, like William and John Millais, found him a wonderful spectacle. As he marched he flourished and twirled a huge gold-headed cane with amazing skill and little John, watching with all his eyes, wondered how it was possible to do such playful things with the big stick and at the same time to remain completely solemn and erect. Any minute he expected to hear the stick come clattering to the pavement and to hear the Tambeur-Major laugh outright at his own nonsense.

"I must draw him," shrilled out little John, talking high and loud because of his excitement and to make

NOTE: Some day you will read about a French boy, Jean Francois Millet, who was born about fifteen years before little John Millais. He lived on a farm and grew to be a painter of peasants working in wide fields under a wide sky.

himself heard above the band. "I must draw him right away—his hat and his stick and his funny face and all."

"Let me watch you," shouted back William, scrambling down in a great hurry from where he stood on the bench and bending close over his little brother who had already settled himself and made a few first hasty outlines of the big marching Major.

Every now and then John would nudge him to move away to give him more freedom for his work, but William would forget and bend closer and closer to watch the picture.

Very quickly under the swiftly moving pencil grew the Tambeur-Major on the white tablet—just as he was in real life, head high, cane swinging and his face as solemn as a judge. With a last look up and a final dive down John put in his finishing touches and William laughed out with pleasure.

Then all at once both boys leapt to their feet in a panic.

Back of them, close enough to touch, twirling their moustaches, gesticulating and pointing and exclaiming, were two splendid officers.

William turned scarlet and little John pale, and he thrust his picture quickly behind his back, but at that the officers began to reach out for it and gesture and scold.

The boys did not know what it all meant, as they could not understand a word of French, but they felt sure they were in some very deep mischief indeed, and John knew that his picture of the Tambeur-Major was the cause of it all, but he did not want to give it up.

"Hand it over to them, John. I'll take care of you," whispered poor William bravely, looking with longing eyes toward the window where his mother ten minutes since had waved to them. Now the window was empty and there was no smiling face to comfort and help them.

John slowly drew out his picture and, with one longing look after it, handed it to the soldiers. One of the officers pointed to the bench and made the boys understand that they were to wait there, and then off they marched to the barracks, as neatly as if they were a regiment, and carried with them poor little John's tablet and sketch.

The two brothers stood irresolute, clinging tightly to each other, afraid to run away and afraid to stay.

"What are they going to do with my picture?" asked John, close to tears.

"I don't know. And what are they going to do with *us?*" answered William. "Oh, why did you ever draw any of it?"

They wanted to run home and tell their parents but they did not dare disobey the French officers, and "I want my picture back" little John kept saying over and over again. "It was just like the big funny man and I want my picture back."

The band was still playing and the Drum Major still marching and everything was as gay as ever, but all at once the whole scene had turned into something alarming to the two boys who sat very still on the bench under the lime tree.

After what seemed a very long time, one of the officers returned and beckoned to them to follow him, and hurrying with beating hearts and scuttling feet they were led through the door of the great stone barracks building, up a short stone flight of steps straight into a long room where a dozen blue-coated officers were lounging about.

William thought the room was filled with an army and he did not dare to imagine what was going to happen, but little John suddenly gave a cry of delight. In the middle propped up on the table in full sight of everybody was the fatal drawing. It was exactly as he had left it with the finishing touch, but he saw now that there was just one more line to be put on the boot. However, it was very much indeed like the Major and little John smiled in spite of the trouble he was in. He was so glad at heart to see it safe and sound.

The officers were shaking their heads and talking and pointing at the boys, and William drew little

John close to him and looked about with as much courage as he could summon.

One of the men stepped forward and began to speak to them in broken English and in such a funny way that at any other time they would have laughed.

"We do not belief," he said, frowning and stuttering, "we cannot belief that so small a boy could do this. Is it not so, that some grown man have drawn the Tambeur-Major and that my friends the officers have been mistaken and make a joke upon us?"

William's heart bounded with relief. He did not like to lie. He was an honest boy and he knew it was unworthy of any child to lie; however he would have done almost anything to save his little brother.

But little John, flushing to his hair, was too quick for him.

"I am not so small a boy, and I did draw that picture," he cried.

There was laughter and shaking of heads. A colonel, seated in a tipped chair near-by and smoking a big cigar, laughed louder than anybody.

"Your little brother is so too small," went on the soldier in his queer English. "We will not belief, and if our comrades are right we have to give them much good food—what you call dinner."

William by now was very much bewildered. All the men started talking at once in French, arguing and gesticulating and pointing at the small, agitated figure of his poor little brother.

"I did draw the picture," cried John again, "and I am not so small."

William begged him to keep quiet and to come away, but before he knew exactly what was happening he saw one of the officers who had first found them in the Place bring a new tablet and pencil to little John and a stool, and he saw his brother, flushed and angry, face the Colonel, and seat himself with an air of determination.

The room all at once grew very quiet and the officers gathered in an eager group back of little John, hiding him entirely from his unhappy brother.

There was shrugging and amusement at first and then a deeper silence, and then bit by bit William, watching with a mixture of pride and dismay, began to see looks of admiration and surprise on the dark French faces.

There were cries of "Marveleuse!" "Superb!" "Bravo!"—words so like his own simple English, spoken in such tones of respect and delight that William took heart and began to wonder if after all the adventure might not turn into something better than he had dared to hope.

Then he saw the colonel leap from his chair, dash over to the small artist and give a cry and, funniest of all, turn and fling his arms about the officer who had found them on the bench and kiss him first on one cheek and then on the other.

After that he kissed little John in the same way, which little John didn't like. He blushed to his hair and rubbed his face very hard afterwards.

Two drawings were now propped up on the table, the Tambeur-Major and a new one—the colonel himself, cigar and smile and tipped chair dashed in with splendid speed and skill.

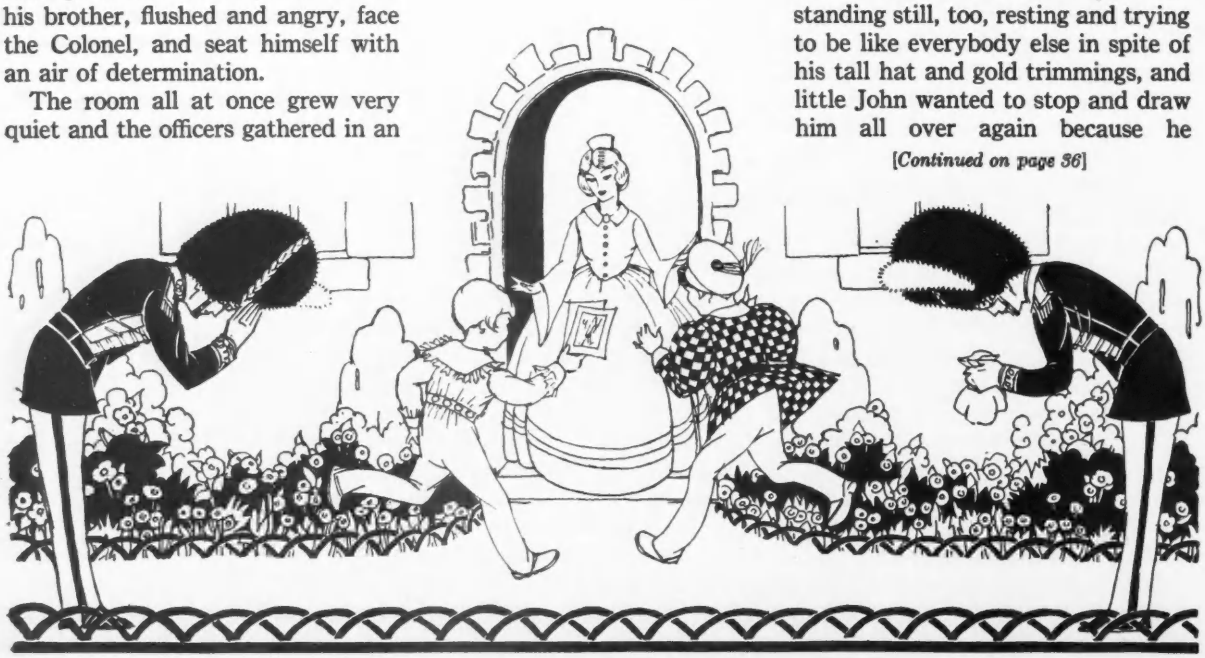
"I'm not too small. I'm six," cried little John, "and I *can* draw and I love to draw and I want my pictures back and I want to go home now," and jumping down from his chair, he pushed his way to his brother.

Everybody was in a good humor now and the two officers led them out again, laughing and patting John on the head.

When they came out into the square the world seemed bright again.

The soldiers had ceased to drill and were standing in groups and the band was playing more gaily then ever. The Tambeur-Major was standing still, too, resting and trying to be like everybody else in spite of his tall hat and gold trimmings, and little John wanted to stop and draw him all over again because he

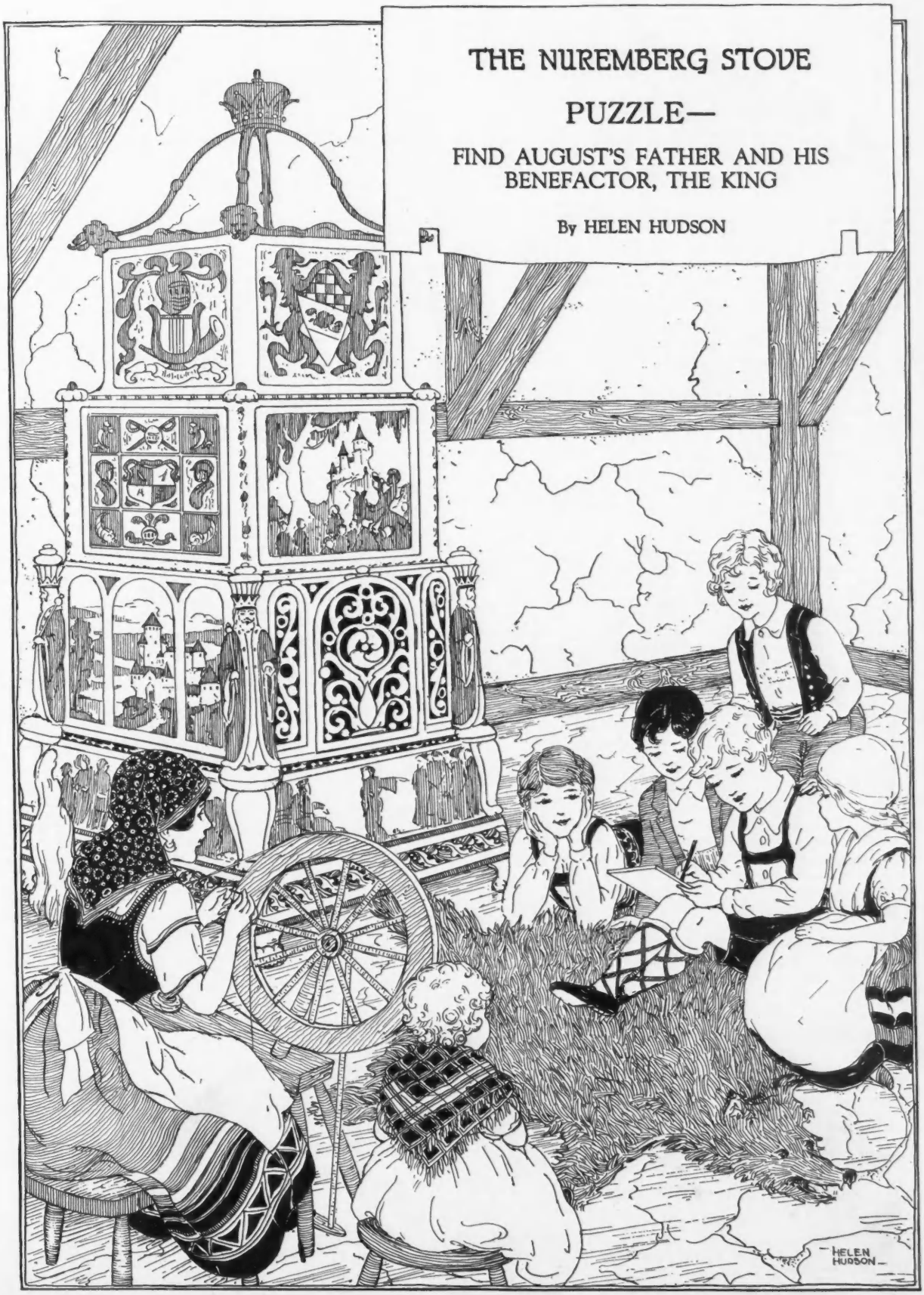
[*Continued on page 36*]

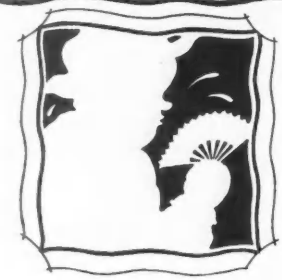


THE NUREMBERG STOVE PUZZLE—

FIND AUGUST'S FATHER AND HIS BENEFACTOR, THE KING

By HELEN HUDSON





INTRODUCING

SALLY, a little girl, dressed for out-of-doors in snow-time. A red coat would be nice.

SAM, her brother, dressed for snow-time, too.

SNOODLES, the snow man, wearing rubber boots, red mittens and a man's hat that's too big for him. He also wears a jolly false face and in between is all puffed up with a white flannel suit sprinkled with diamond dust.

THREE SMALL SNOWMEN, wearing black hats and red jackets, that are too small for them.

J. FROST, JR., an icicle elf, dressed in a sparkly white suit. His nose is a bit blue, but he can't help that.

SNOWFLAKE FAIRIES, all in sparkly white too; with silvery wings. There are as many as you want.

WHAT YOU SEE WHEN THE CURTAIN GOES UP: A backyard in winter. The ground is covered with sparkling cotton snow and icicles of this drip down the top of a rather low red burlap fence that stretches across the back of the yard. A little to the left an old worn-out Christmas tree is stuck full of cotton snowballs, sprinkled with diamond dust; a saw horse see-saw is placed to the extreme left; to the far right is a white barrel labeled "Rubbish." In the background, towards the right stands the snow man that Sam and Sally have just made. They are resting from their labors now and see-sawing.

SAM and SALLY (*singing as they see-saw to the tune of "Merrily We Roll Along"*):

Come along, let's sing a song,
A dingly-tingly, snowflake song.
Of icy dells and jingle bells
And Jack Frost's fairy throng!

[*As they sing, one by one and in time with the rhythm, the heads of the three small surprised-looking snow men bob over the top of the red wall behind the children. Then one by one, also in rhythm with the music, they bob down again.*]

SALLY (*getting off the see-saw carefully and running over to fix the snow man's hat*): O, Sam, he's the best snow man we ever made. I'm going to call him Snoodles—I wish he could talk!

SAM: A snow man talk! Don't be foolish, Sally! We couldn't make that kind.

SALLY (*looking all around and then whispering loudly in his ear*): Well, that snowball bush we just made might help!

SAM (*blankly*): Help? How could *that* help?

SALLY: Well, I read somewhere once that snowballs stuck on an old Christmas tree *sometimes* turn to magic and make wishes come true!

SAM (*laughing unbelievingly*): Then *I* wish something queer would happen.

SNOODLES (*suddenly*): Ka-chew!

SAM and SALLY (*whirling around*): Wh-what?

SNOODLES (*who is not going to stop just for them*): Ka-chew! Ka-chew! Ka-chew!

[*At the sound "Ka-chew" the three heads pop up over the fence. At the third "Ka-chew" they go down again.*]

SAM (*to Sally*): Sally, did you hear that?

SNOODLES: Lend me your hanky please, and be quick about it.

SALLY (*proudly*): Why, it's Snoodles—our own snow man. He's talking! [*She hands him her handkerchief.*] Take mine.

SNOODLES (*awkwardly handling it*): Thanks. You might have given me one, though, when you were dressing me.

SAM: But—but we didn't know you'd—

SNOODLES: Come alive? Why not? [*Points to* SALLY *and the bush.*] She wished for *that*, didn't she,

after she made the snowball bush? And on Jack Frost's birthday, of course it turned to magic. But—oh dear, why didn't you wish me alive sooner? [*He holds the hanky to his eyes.*]

SAM: *Sooner?* Why?

SNOODLES (*sniffing*): D-d-d-don't ask me. When I cry I *melt*.

SALLY: O, Snoodles, can't we help you?

SNOODLES (*still sopping up his tears*): No use. Not a bit of use now. But—but—

SALLY: But *what?*

SNOODLES: Well— [*He looks all around and beckons her to come closer.*] Well, to-day is Jack Frost's birthday—and I *did* want to go to his snow ball—his party, you know. But—it's too late now. The invitations are all out.

SALLY: Oh dear, and you weren't alive then, so you didn't get one?

SNOODLES (*nodding stiffly*): Yes, and the snowflake fairies and all sorts of interesting people are going to be there—but never mind; don't you put me in a melting mood now, whatever you do.

SALLY: I'm sorry you can't go to Jack Frost's party, Snoodles, but I *am* glad you can talk.

SNOODLES: And walk too. Give me your hand and help me limber up a bit.

SALLY (*helping him walk stiffly over to the see-saw*): There, you can take a ride with Sam. Not many people see-saw in winter-time, but we thought it would be fun.

SNOODLES: Yes, if you'll listen to me limber up my voice, too, with a song. [*He gets stiffly on to the see-saw and begins going up and down, giving a little squeal every time he goes up.*]

SALLY (*looking at* SAM): Certainly we'd like to hear you *sing*.

SNOODLES (*to the tune of "Ten Little Indians," or to a home-made tune, that gets somewhat out of tune*):

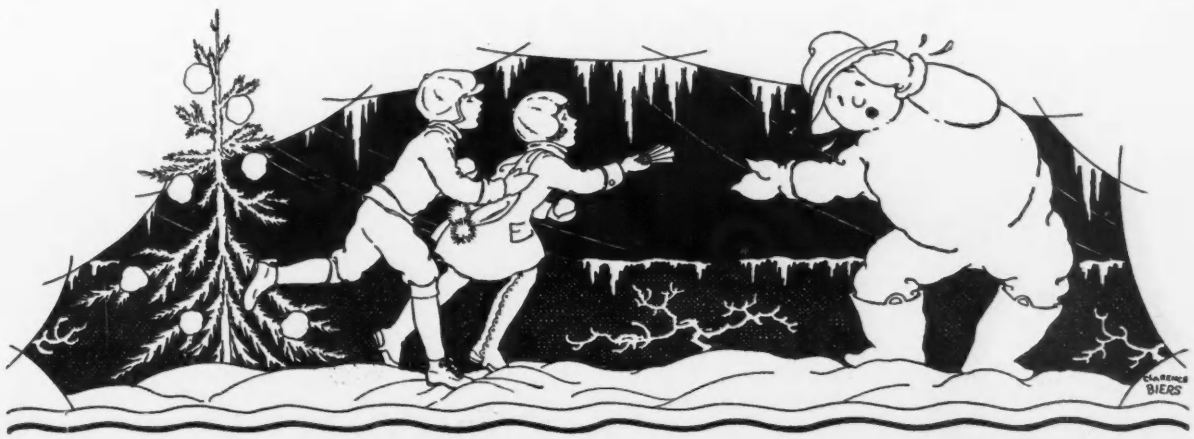
Jack Frost lives on a twinkly hill
  Where little white bunnies and frost elves
    play,
Jack Frost lives by his icicle mill
  And he has a birthday to-day.

And all little elves
  To his party come sliding,
And all little bunnies
  Come hippity hop,
While little snow fairies
  Come gliding, come riding,
And polar bears
  Flippity-flop.

Jack Frost plays on his twinkly hill,
  For all of his parties are ever so gay,
Jack Frost plays by his icicle mill
  And *I'd* like to be there to-day!

[*He breaks off sniffily and looks around for his handkerchief that he has dropped.*]

SAM (*handing it to him*): Here's your handkerchief.



SNOODLES (*in a small voice*): How did you like it?

SAM: Well, I guess the song's all right. But your voice—your middle register—

SNOODLES (*with alarm*): Register? Don't make such heated remarks to a snowman. Fetch a fan quick!

SAM: A fan—in winter! We don't know where to find any.

SNOODLES (*feeling his arms and legs anxiously*): I'm beginning to drip. I'm beginning to drip! Run over to the snowball bush can't you, and wish for one!

SALLY and SAM (*each picking a snowball*): We wish for a fan for Snoodles. [*The fan is hooked on behind the bush; they bring it back, and fan* SNOODLES *quickly.*]

SNOODLES (*severely*): That's better. But remember—*never* mention hot things in the presence of a snowman!

SALLY (*meekly*): We'll remember, Snoodles. But how many wishes can we get from the snowball bush, anyway?

SNOODLES: Three each. You wasted one when you *both* wished for the fan. Now you've only one left—each of you.

SAM: Oh dear, and there are so many things left to wish for!

[*The three little snow men pop their heads up again from behind the red fence. This time* SALLY *sees them.*]

SALLY: Oh!

SAM (*turning*): Oh!

SNOODLES (*turning all the way around*): Zer-O!

FIRST LITTLE SNOW MAN: Please—have you—

SECOND LITTLE SNOW MAN: Seen—

THIRD LITTLE SNOW MAN: Junior?

SALLY and SAM: Junior?

FIRST LITTLE SNOW MAN: Jack Frost, Jr. He disappeared just before the snow ball. And his father won't begin the party without him.

SNOODLES (*putting his hands to his head and thinking as hard as he can*): Now *where* did I see that child?

FIRST LITTLE SNOW MAN (*excitedly*): Did he go this way? [*He points to left.*]

SNOODLES: Perhaps.

[FIRST and SECOND LITTLE SNOW MEN *run off at left.*]

THIRD LITTLE SNOWMAN: Are you *sure* he didn't go *this* way? [*He points to the right.*]

SNOODLES: Come to think of it—maybe he did.

[THIRD LITTLE SNOW MAN *runs off at the right.*]

SNOODLES (*calling after him*): But I'm not sure. [*Turns to* SALLY.] Why don't you two help me out? Maybe if I found J. Frost Jr., I could go to the party.

SALLY: How could we help you out?

SNOODLES (*pointing to the snowball bush*): *Please.*

SALLY: You mean—give up my last wish? But there are so many things I want!

SNOODLES (*nodding*): I know. Well, never mind. Maybe I wouldn't be invited anyway. It's a rather exclusive affair.

SALLY (*after a moment's hesitation*): I'll do it—Snoodles—I'll wish that you can find Jack Frost Junior.

[*She slowly goes over to the bush and picks a snowball. Then she repeats, "I wish that Snoodles can find Jack Frost Junior!" The three remain breathlessly waiting for results, but nothing happens.*]

SNOODLES (*dejectedly*): I was afraid those snowballs were melting and getting weaker. No help now—unless Sam here wants to give up his last wish for me, too.

SAM: No sir-ee! I *think* I'm going to use my last wish for a whole pack of toys.

SNOODLES: Oh!

SALLY: Oh!

[SAM *walks away towards the bush, whistling nonchalantly, but stops before he picks the last snowball, and after a few seconds whirls around.*]

SAM: Oh—well. [*He picks the snowball.*] I wish that—Snoodles would find Jack Frost Junior!

SNOODLES (*putting his hands to his head again*):

[*Continued on page 44*]

CHIP'S CHUMS

BY MARJORIE BARROWS

Chip's chums were visiting Ted's grandmother and she was telling them the story of *her* grandmother's bag of gold pieces. "No one ever found her hiding place for them," she said.

"We will!" cried the chums. It was just the sort of a blizzardy Saturday to go treasure-hunting. But first of all they dressed up as Captain Kidd and his pirate band.

Dick and Ted tap-tap-tapped all the walls, looking for a secret room or staircase, while Betsy Ann, Bab and Chip began searching around for trap doors.

But even in the attic they discovered nothing but dusty shadows and cobwebs, until Chip started playing tag with a mouse and tipped over a sewing cabinet.

Then guess what happened! A secret drawer sprang out, disclosing the long-lost bag of gold pieces! Ted's Grandmother gave each pirate two for finding them, but Pirate Chip preferred a reward of nice juicy cross-bones!

THE MYSTERY OF MIFFLES

By FRANCES CAVANAH

Author of "*The Treasure of Belden Place*"

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

Spaulding, Morrison and Fisher, Incorporated—as Patsy Spaulding, Patty Morrison and Jimmy Fisher like to call themselves—are sitting by the dusty roadside discussing the stunt they are expected to put on at the amateur circus Mrs. Patterson is getting up. They are wishing for a dog they could train to do tricks, and a strange man, changing his tire a few feet away, overhears them. After questioning them closely, he climbs in the back seat of his car and, leaning out, takes a folded paper, apparently, out of the empty air. Next he produces a high silk hat and, in some mysterious way, pulls a little white terrier out of it and gives it to Patsy to hold. With that, he touches the accelerator, and his car disappears in a cloud of dust, leaving the children staring after it in their astonishment.

PART II

AT THE moment we were too excited over the sudden appearance of the little dog to think much of the equally sudden disappearance of the man who had given him to us.

"What did I tell you?" Jimmy took our new pet from me, and held him up in the air, between his hands, and our new pet looked down at him. "I said we'd find a dog at Belden Place."

"Well, almost at Belden Place," said Patty, and she in her turn took the dog from Jimmy and glanced down at his collar with its pretty silver plate. "Oh, look! His name is Miffles."

"Miffles?" I said. "What a cunning name!"

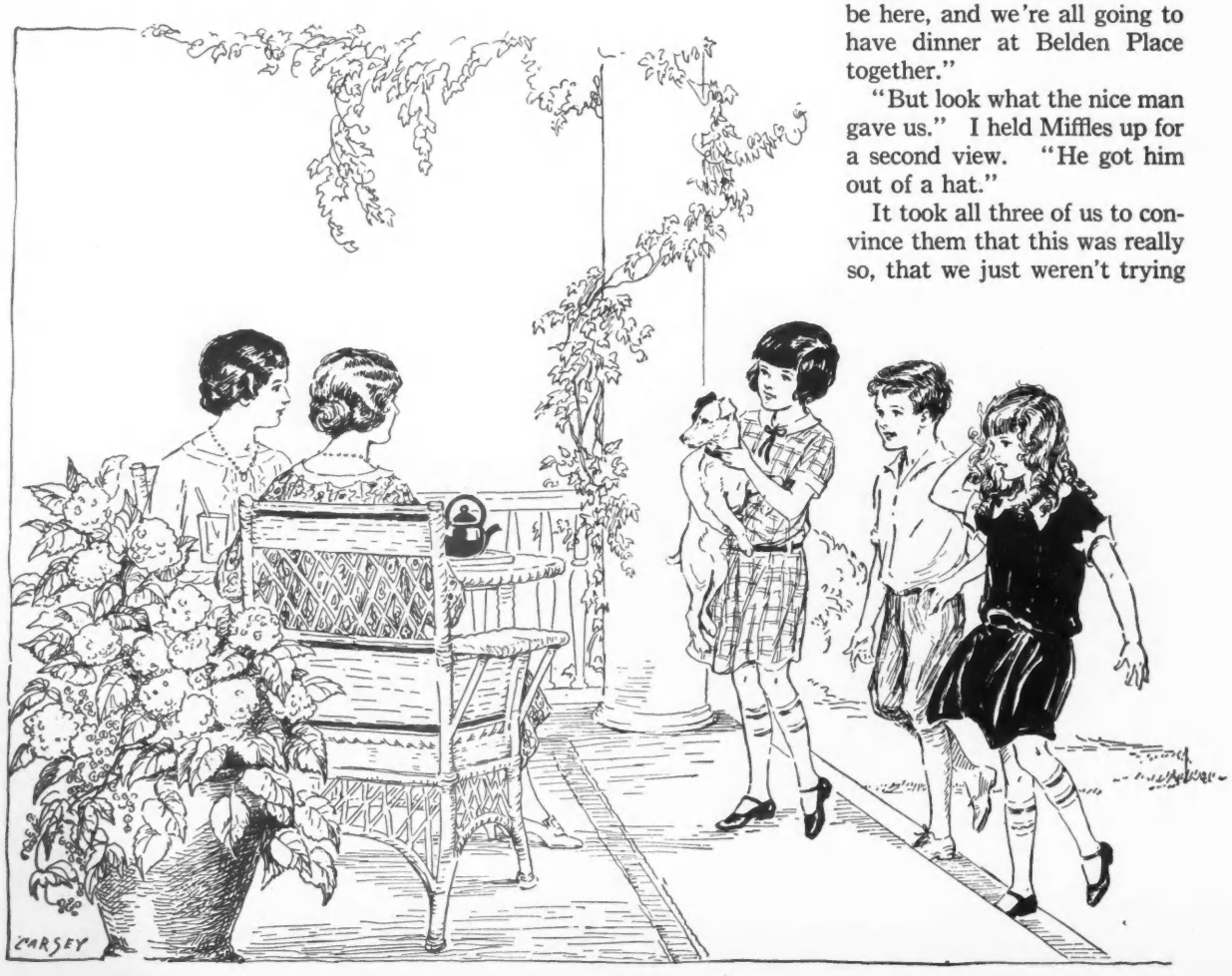
At the sound of it the dog perked up his ears and looked at me and whined, as though begging me to take him back into my arms. He liked the other two—we knew that from the way he thumped his stubby tail—but I was the one he wanted to be with and I was the one who finally carried him up to the house to show Mother and Aunt May.

We found them having tea on the big front veranda. We held up Miffles for them to see, but at the moment they had eyes only for our dusty clothes.

"Run up to your room and change, Patty," said Aunt May. "And let Patsy borrow one of your dresses. Her father will soon be here, and we're all going to have dinner at Belden Place together."

"But look what the nice man gave us." I held Miffles up for a second view. "He got him out of a hat."

It took all three of us to convince them that this was really so, that we just weren't trying



to play a joke on them. When we had finished Mother said, "He's a cunning dog all right; but I don't like the sound of your story, Patsy."

"Why, Aunt Amy?" Patty asked.

"I may not be much of a judge," Mother went on, "but it seems to me this is no ordinary mongrel. And people don't give fine dogs away—unless they have a reason."

Patty and I blinked back the tears, and I heard Jimmy say, "Aw, shucks," under his breath as he turned away. It had never occurred to us that the unknown man in the dusty car might not be the real owner of Miffles, and therefore without the right to give him away to three strange children. Then suddenly, as though he knew there was something wrong, the dog raised his little muzzle in the air and howled. I cuddled him close to me, and the howl softened into a whimper.

"Poor little fellow!" said Aunt May. "I believe he's grieving for his master. Run upstairs and change your dresses, children, and when Patsy's daddy comes he can tell us what to do."

Jimmy offered to keep Miffles for us, but the dog kept running up to me and whining to be taken back into my arms. He seemed contented, so long as I held him on my lap, and would poke his little nose into my pocket and snuggle up to me as though we had been friends forever. So at last I carried him upstairs to my cousin's room and put him down on the window seat, while I slipped out of my dusty clothes and laid them on a chair. At once the dog jumped down and up again into the chair and sat down on my dress.

"Woof-woof!" he barked, as though he were saying, "Thank you!"

"He certainly is crazy about you." Patty's voice was wistful. "I wish he loved me like that."

"Oh, he will," I answered. "It's just because that man in the car gave him to me first."

I slipped into Patty's kimona and followed her down the hall to wash my face and hands. When we came back the dog was nowhere to be seen.

"Miffles! Miffles!" my cousin called, and the closet door slid open a few inches. A little head was pushed outside, and after that a wriggling little body, and then a wagging tail. "Come here, Miffles," Patty said again, and he trotted across the floor to her.

"I told you he would love you," I said, "when he once got used to you."

And it was true—I was no longer the sole object of Miffles' attention. He frisked at Patty's heels all the way downstairs; and when we found Jimmy still waiting for us, the dog bounded straight into his arms. Then he ran up to Mother and Aunt May and, without even being asked, he held out a paw to each of them.

"He seems much happier now," said Mother, solemnly shaking hands.

He seemed happier, too, when we took him on a tour of inspection of the grounds. If he was going to stay, it was up to us to make him feel at home, as Patty pointed out, and if he wasn't, the only polite thing was to show a guest around. He was nearly beside himself with joy when we reached the orchard—he seemed to like the idea of so much space—and he ran around in dizzy circles to get rid of his excitement and even tried to climb a tree. It was the old apple tree where John had built our Peter Pan house, and Jimmy scrambled up the gnarled old branches, with our new pet in his arms, to show it to him. There was a beautiful view of the gray-blue river over to the southwest, but when we pointed it out to him, Miffles only barked. He barked at everything, though—at the terrace where we coasted in the winter, at the outdoor furnace we used for cooking picnic dinners and at the secret room that Patty and I had discovered once when we went treasure-hunting. After a while we decided that this was only his way of showing his appreciation.

He even barked at Mrs. Fisher—a nice little friendly bark—when we took him to visit the gardener's

cottage. A few minutes before, when we had been sitting by the dusty roadside, we had wished that some kind genie would bring us a glass of lemonade. And now our wish came true—only Jimmy's mother was the genie. It certainly tasted good and, best of all, she served it to us in tall glasses with regular straws—not the glass sippers you can have at home but the nice kind they give you at the soda fountain. We put a glass down on the floor for Miffles and we stuck one end of a straw in his mouth and tried to show him how to drink. He gave it a most disgusted look and, calmly pulling the straws out of the lemonade, he trotted over to the waste basket and dumped them in. Mrs. Fisher said that deserved a dish of bread and milk; and when she gave it to him, he barked, "Woof-woof!" as though trying to say, "Thank you!"

"He's smart all right," said Jimmy. "I bet we win that prize with him at the circus. Come on, doggie, out into the yard, and I'll teach you some tricks."

Miffles looked up at him inquiringly, as though he understood everything that had been said. We were glad to see that the sorrowful look had left his eyes and that they now gleamed merrily. Why, they almost twinkled, and for a moment it seemed that he was laughing. The skin around his eyes wrinkled up into funny little lines, and he showed a row of white teeth in a grin.

I took a whole pocketful of cookies with me, because I had always heard that in training an animal it was a good plan to give him a reward after he had obeyed or performed a trick successfully. But here was where Miffles disappointed us.

"We'd better begin with easy things," said Jimmy, "and later we can think up some harder stunts for him to perform at the circus. First of all, he must learn to sit up and beg."

He stood the dog on his hind legs and held up his front paws for him. I dangled a piece of cooky above his nose, but though he eyed it longingly, he made no move to get it. Then Jimmy took his hands away and our pet, instead of standing alone, rolled over on his back and stuck all four paws up into the air in the most bored sort of fashion. He looked perfectly comical and we couldn't help laughing, even though we were provoked.

After that, Patty took hold of one front paw and Jimmy of the other, and holding him up between them, they made him walk along on his hind legs. They were very gentle with him, but he looked imploringly from one to the other and leaned over and licked the hands that held his paws. It was such a pitiful gesture that they let him down. He came over and crouched at my feet, with his head between his paws, and thumped his tail as though begging me to make them stop. Why, a person would almost think that they had hurt his feelings.

"That dog does beat all," said Jimmy. "Let's try once more before Mr. Spaulding comes."

"You hold your arms like a hoop," I suggested, "and I'll stand over here and call to him. If we do that several times, after a while he'll learn that that is what he is supposed to do."

Accordingly, I began to whistle, and Jimmy made his arms into a hoop and held them so the dog had to pass through them in order to reach me. But though he cocked his head and looked at me wistfully, he made no move.

"Come on, Miffles. Hurry up!" I called.

But he only threw back his head and yawned, and then quite daintily he put up a paw before his mouth, as though to hide the yawn.

Jimmy dropped his arms and looked at us in astonishment. "The little rascal! Do you suppose he meant to do that?"

"Perhaps a fly lit on his nose and he was just trying to brush it off," Patty suggested. "Try it again."

So Jimmy made his arms into a hoop a second time, and I coaxed and whistled. But this time Miffles stretched himself out on the ground and pretended to go to sleep.

"That dog is either awfully smart or awfully dumb, I can't tell which," said Jimmy.

"Well, smart or dumb, I love him." I took our new pet up into my arms. "And I hope he gets to stay."

That evening when we told Daddy about it, it was his opinion that he was smart enough but that he had never learned the lesson of obedience. "And a dog that hasn't learned that lesson isn't much account."

"But, Daddy," I protested, "I'm sure Miffles wanted to obey. He acted as though he'd like to—honest truly—but he seemed to think he shouldn't."

"H'm, that's a funny way for a pup to act." Daddy's eyes were twinkling. "Trot him in, and let's have a look at him."

[Continued from page 44]

How NORTH WIND nearly spoiled the skating party

SUZETTE, a new doll from Switzerland, arrived in the Toy Shop wearing a lovely, fluffy white skating costume and tiny silver skates. She suggested having an ice carnival, and promised to entertain her friends with some fancy skating.

So the date was set; and the dolls sent a polite note to North Wind (who brings the cold, you know) asking him please to be sure there was good skating weather for their party.

Then, two days before the carnival, the Toy Shop man put Suzette in the Toy Shop window. That very afternoon North Wind started to blow his hardest! And it grew colder and colder, just as the dolls had asked. But at the same time, great clouds of dust blew up and down the street, and slipped through cracks in the window frame; and soon Suzette's lovely costume was gray and dusty as could be.

"*I will not* skate with my costume looking this way!" sobbed Suzette.

"Don't cry, Suzette!" begged Rosabelle. "We'll wash your costume, and it will look just like new."

"But it can't be rubbed!" objected Suzette. "The cloth is much too delicate."

How the dolls laughed! "There isn't any hard rubbing, because *we* use Fels-Naptha Soap," they told her.

. . . And you can see for yourself how beautiful Suzette's costume looked after its Fels-Naptha bath, and what a good time the dolls had at the skating party.

© 1929, Fels & Co.

To Mothers

From your dainty things to the children's grimy play suits—Fels-Naptha gives you extra help with the wash. The extra help of plenty of naptha, the dirt-loosener, and good golden soap, the dirt-remover. Working together, these two safe, active cleaners make clothes sweet and clean without hard rubbing.

Use Fels-Naptha any way you like—in washing machine or tub, in hot or cool water, or when clothes are boiled. It gives extra help for household cleaning tasks too, and it's gentle to the hands. Buy Fels-Naptha from your grocer today—the ten-bar cartons are especially convenient.

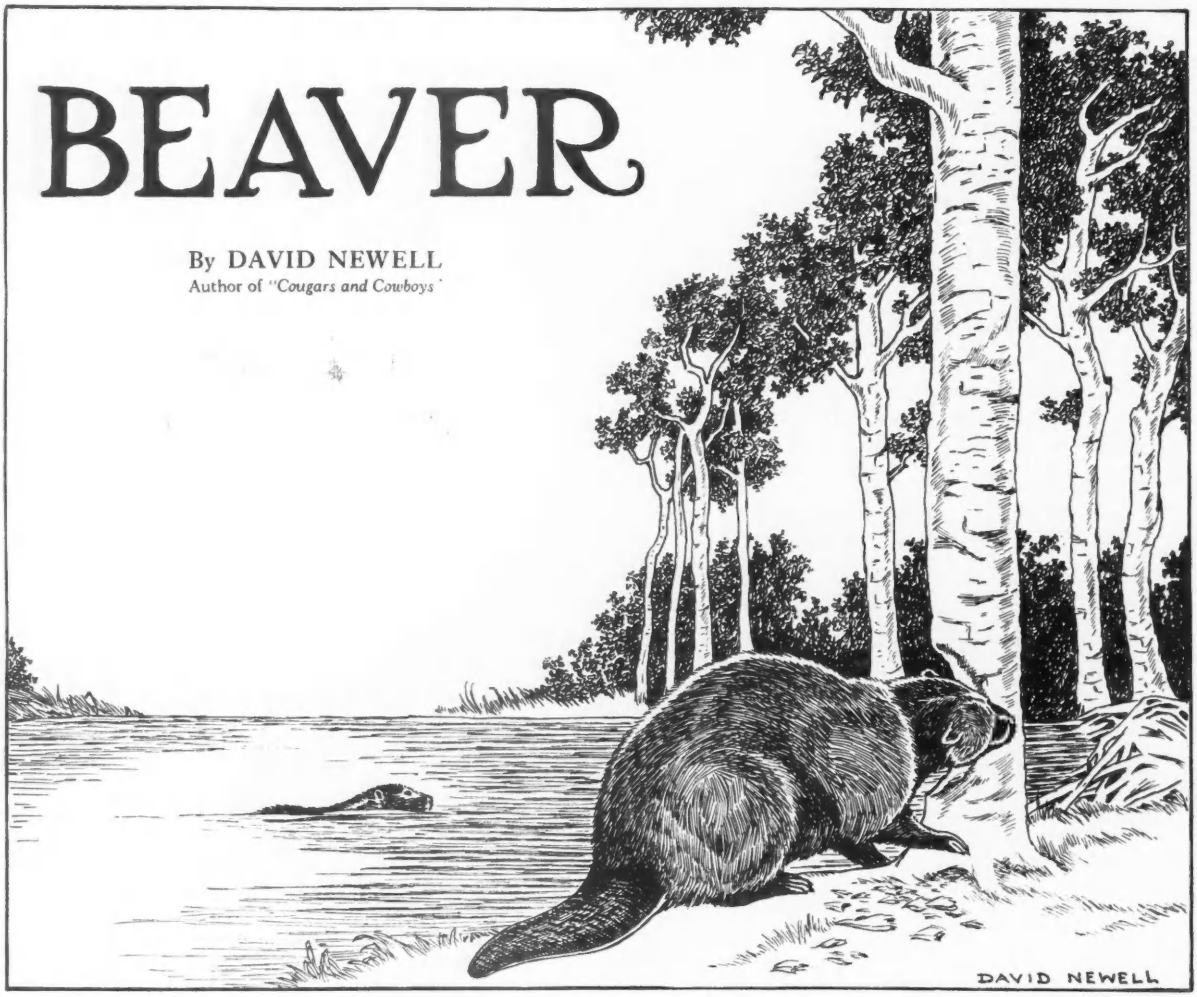
FELS & COMPANY, *Philadelphia*

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR
WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

BEAVER

By DAVID NEWELL
Author of "*Cougars and Cowboys*"



LAST month you saw two water animals that lived on fish. Here are two more animals that spend most of their time in the water, and yet they do not eat fish at all!

They are the most industrious animals that we know of, and they are always busy at something, either making a house, building a dam across the stream, or storing away food for the winter time. They have long front teeth, like a rat's teeth, and they can cut down large trees in an amazingly short time. And what is even more wonderful, they can make the trees fall in most any direction that they want!

When beavers want a swimming pool, they fell trees across the stream, and then pack branches and mud between the trunks, until the stream is completely blocked. The water then backs up and forms a lake. The beavers build their houses out in the lake. The houses are made of mud and sticks, and the front door is down under the water! This may seem mighty funny to us, but beavers know what they want, and they know that down inside their houses, they are safe from their enemies.

A beaver's tail is flat and scaly. He uses it to swim with, and he slaps the water with it when he is scared. In this way he warns the other beavers of danger, and they all dive and swim for their houses as fast as they can go.

Beavers store their food inside their houses and on the bottom of their lake. How they keep it down on the bottom is hard to understand, for it naturally floats, Perhaps they pack it down with mud and stones. Anyway, they always have a good supply on hand, and when cold, stormy weather comes, they don't have to go hungry, as so many animals must do in the winter.

It ought not to be hard to guess what beavers eat. The one in the picture is busy cutting a tree down. I don't think he needs it for his dam, for you can see that his dam is finished—clear across the stream.

(*For contest directions, see page 35*)

No more coaxing.....with these new ways of handling children

Gladys Huntington Bevans, famous authority on the problems of childhood. Writer for the Chicago Tribune and syndicated papers

"Mothers are discovering that there are simple ways to make children want *to do a particular thing. Then the thing almost does itself," says Gladys Huntington Bevans*

LITTLE scamps! Just when you think you've solved the problem of bringing them up—out they burst in some new direction! Today there are new ways of handling children. Ways that are full of fun but scientific, too.

"Grown-ups know that when they *want* to do something it's easier for them," says Gladys Huntington Bevans, nationally known authority on child training. "Now mothers are discovering that there are simple ways to make children *want* to do a particular thing. Then the thing almost does itself."

That matter of correct breakfast habits, for instance. Mothers know that nation-wide school tests show that the child who tackles his lessons after a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast has a head start on the child who goes to school without it. That is why this rule hangs on the walls of over 70,000 school rooms:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot *cereal breakfast"*

Conscious of how important hot cereal is, parents make the often fatal mistake of saying, "Now you *must* eat your Cream of Wheat. It's good for you."

Then it's all off, nine cases out of ten. The youngster pushes his bowl aside and answers, "I don't want to eat Cream of Wheat," or "I don't want breakfast if I have to eat oatmeal," or whatever the cereal may be. That "must" has spoiled everything.

Child psychologists have realized that mothers need help. So an ingenious plan has been devised. When it is used, children delight their parents by wanting *hot, cooked* cereal every morning.

This plan is a club for children—called the H. C. B. Everything is free—mailed direct to the child. Badges, big colored wall charts, gold stars, and—most irresistible of all—a secret meaning for members!

Breakfast turned into play! At first, eating Cream of Wheat is a game. Then it becomes a habit.

If you haven't already a young H. C. B. member at your home, just mail the coupon now.

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn. In Canada made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London.

Considered ideal by child specialists

For 32 years specialists have recommended Cream of Wheat as an ideal *hot, cooked* cereal for growing children.

1. Because it is so rich in both mental and physical energy. It is all real food.
2. Because Cream of Wheat is astonishingly easy to digest. It contains none of the harsh, indigestible parts of the grain.
3. Because it is so easy to vary its creamy goodness by adding raisins, dates or prunes while cooking.

Safeguard your children by giving them Cream of Wheat regularly

FREE—*mothers say this plan works wonders*

© 1929, C. of W. Co.

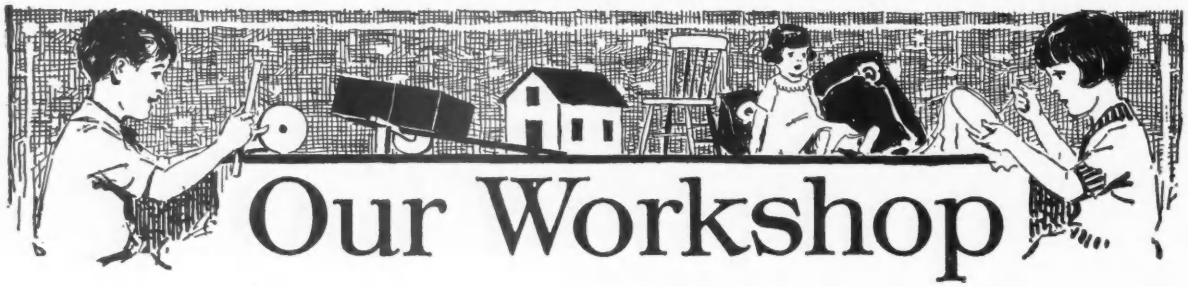
A PLAN that arouses your children's interest in *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast and makes them want to eat it regularly. A youngster's club with badges and a secret for members, with gold stars and colored wall charts. A plan that children work out for themselves. All material free—sent direct to your children together with a letter addressed to them personally and a sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to Dept. R-19, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

CREAM OF WHEAT COMPANY DEPT. R-19
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Gentlemen: Please send my child the free material for the H. C. B. Club as described above.

Child's name.....
First name *Last name*

Street.....*City*.....*State*.....



Our Workshop

By A. NEELY HALL

Author of "*Making Things with Tools*," "*Homemade Toys for Girls and Boys*," "*Homemade Games and Game Equipment*," etc

AN AIRPLANE HANGAR

THE toy stores are full of airplanes, large, medium-sized and tiny models, some that fly and some that do not. In looking over them the other day, and marveling at the variety and the quantity, the thought came to me that among the stores throughout the country there must be enough airplanes to supply every boy. And then as I saw in imagination you and each reader of "Our Workshop" page receiving one of these interesting toys from the Christmas tree, it occurred to me how much more fun you would have with a hangar to house your "ship." Straightway, the plan for the homemade hangar shown in Figure 1 took form, and here is the way to build it.

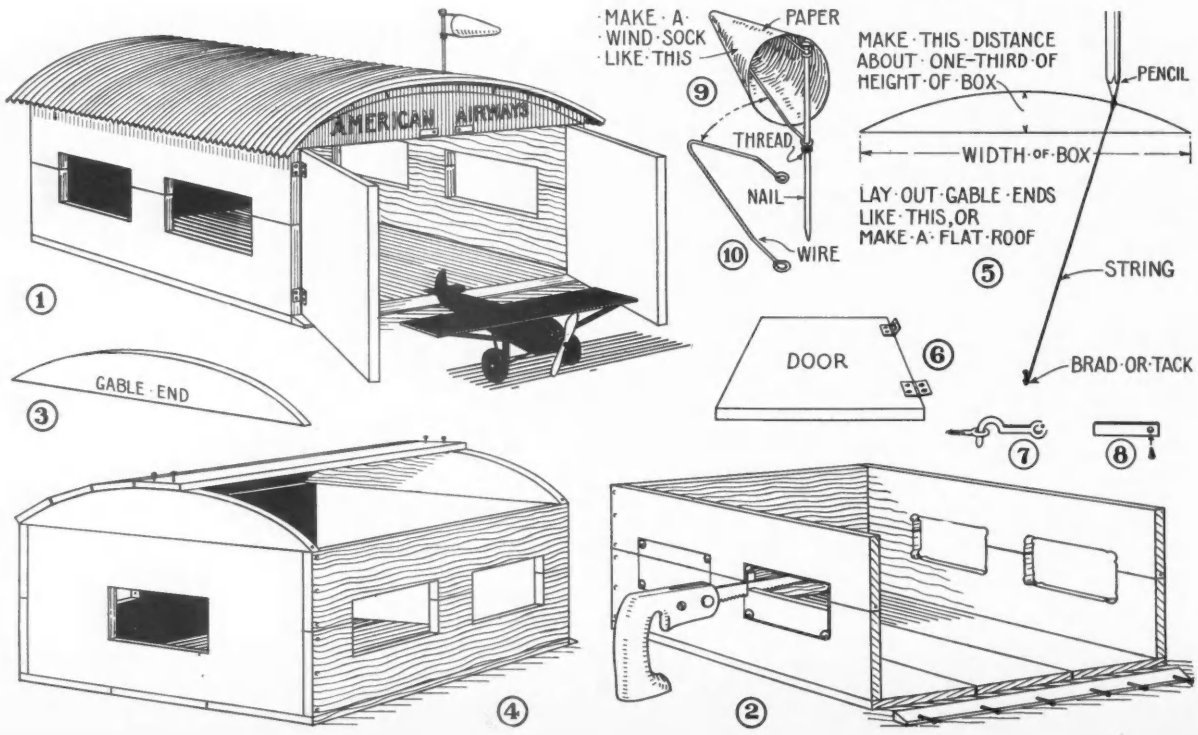
First, get a box at a grocery, paint store, hardware store or drygoods store. The size is not important, providing it is large enough. If it will make a hangar of two plane capacity, so much the better. You will need boards from another box for the roof and also for doors.

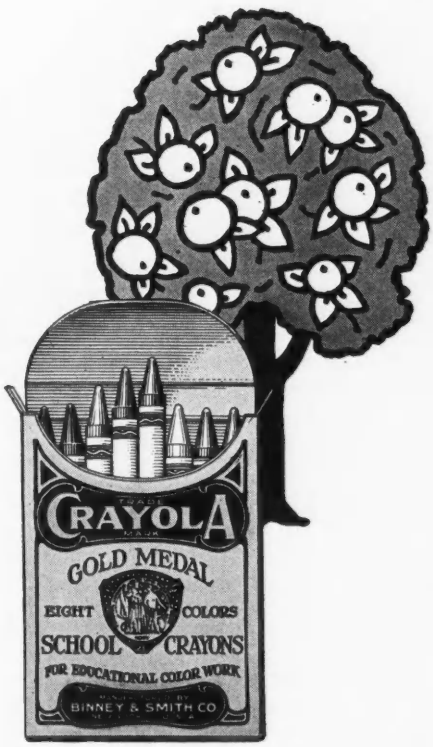
Remove one end of the box for the hangar entrance. Be careful not to split the side and bottom boards. Loosen the nails, then withdraw them. The best way to loosen them is to place a piece of board inside the box, hammer on this until the boards have sprung apart, then drive back the boards with sharp raps of the hammer. This should leave the nail heads sticking out far enough to grip with the claw of your hammer.

Fasten the free ends of the side boards together by driving nails slanted through one board into the other, and fasten the ends of the bottom boards with a strip that has been beveled, or cut to slope, to form a ramp that wheels can run up.

Windows may be painted upon the box sides, but it is not difficult to cut openings, after you have marked them out of equal size and equal spacing. The first step is to bore a hole in each corner, as

[*Continued on page 40*]





BOB AND BETTY IN THE SUNNY SOUTHLAND

"WASN'T it kind of the South Wind to bring us to the sunny Southland, Bob?"

"Yes, indeed, Betty, and it's much more fun than staying home in the cold wintry North!"

"I wish we could bring the Southland back home with us so some other little boys and girls could enjoy it too. What can we do about it?"

"Well, we might... I *wish* we might... bring back the golden sunshine... but... Oh, Bob! I know *now* what to do! We can't bring back the sunshine itself, but we can bring back something it made... an orange! That's like a ball of golden sunshine, isn't it?"

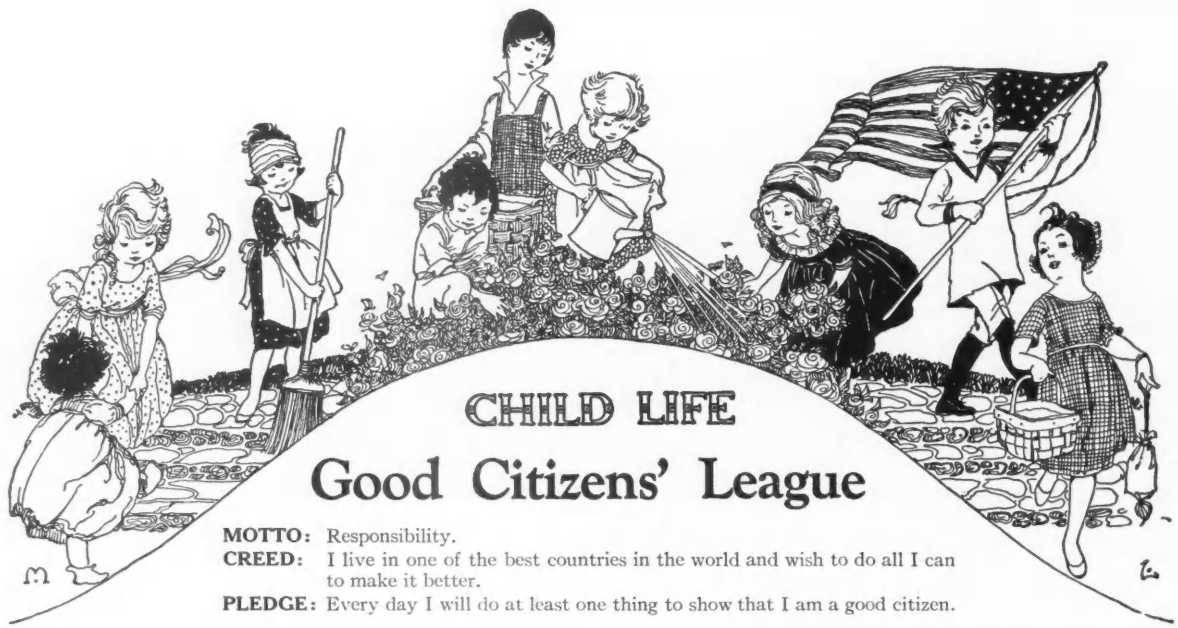
"It is, Betty, it is! But I have thought of something even better. Let's draw an orange tree with our CRAYOLA, and bring it home with us. Then all our little friends can draw it too, with *their* CRAYOLA, and they'll have a bit of the sunny Southland right at home all winter long!"

And here is the tree they drew... bright green, with balls of golden sunshine... a bit of the sunny Southland to keep all winter! Draw your orange tree on white paper, color it with your CRAYOLA Wax Crayons, cut it out, and there you are.

If you haven't a box of CRAYOLA Wax Crayons, you can buy it at almost any stationery or art supplies store... be sure the name "CRAYOLA" is on the front.

BINNEY & SMITH CO., 41 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Note: If you have missed the first four Adventures of Bob and Betty in Colorland, write us and we will mail them to you.



CHILD LIFE
Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.
CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.
PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

POOR RICHARD

JANUARY 17TH is the day we shall celebrate the birthday of a great writer, statesman, diplomat, scientist and patriot," announced Miss Bradley, the counselor of the Brocton Good Citizens' League, at the first meeting of the new year.

"The seventeenth is certainly a popular day for birthdays," said Bill. "Five great men all on one day."

"No," said Miss Bradley, "one great man—Benjamin Franklin. He was famous in America and he was famous in Europe; and because we are grateful to him for so many reasons, suppose we have a birthday party in his honor."

They took a vote on it and decided that at the party David should impersonate Franklin—or Poor Richard, as he was called—and that the rest of the members should dress up as his contemporaries. Harvey was Alexander Hamilton, for instance, and Bill was Robert Morris, and they told enough facts about the Revolutionary leaders they were supposed to be to enable their friends to guess. One of the girls was Molly Pitcher, but the others represented the wives of famous men of the day.

After the boys and girls had assembled for the party and had guessed each other's make-believe names and had danced the minuet and played games, they gathered around the table for cookies and hot cocoa. Each guest stood up, in turn, and proposed a toast, not to David, of course, but to the great man he was supposed to represent.

"I propose a toast to Franklin, the writer," said Elizabeth, "the man who edited Poor Richard's Almanac for twenty-five years."

"I propose a toast to Franklin, the signer of the Declaration of Independence," said Miriam.

After the toasts were finished, everyone had a better idea of the many things Benjamin Franklin had done for his country and the world—he had started the first circulating library in America; he had proved that lightning and electricity were the same and he had invented the lightning conductor; he had laid plans for an academy which later resulted in the founding of the University of Pennsylvania; as a commissioner to the French court and had been influential in bringing about the alliance with the French government which had resulted in the victory of the American colonies in their struggle for independence; and he had been a delegate to the Federal Constitutional Convention.

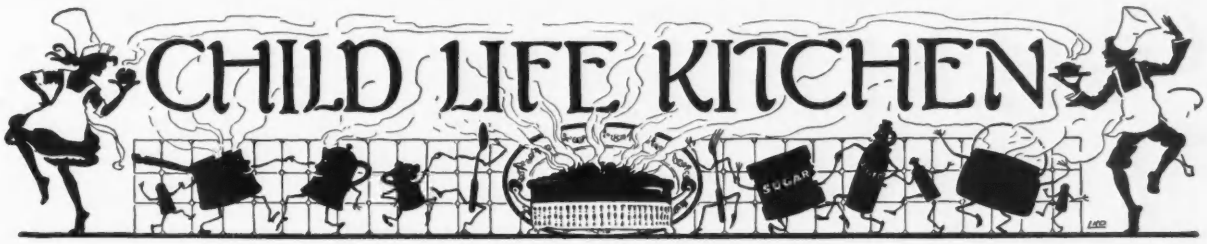
"I can't propose a toast to myself," said David, "but since I am supposed to be Benjamin Franklin to-night, I have decided to get out

[*Continued on page 43*]

A GOOD CITIZEN

1. I read about Franklin's youth.
2. I read about Franklin's career as a printer.
3. I read the story of how Franklin demonstrated that lightning and electricity were the same.
4. I read about Franklin at the Court of France.
5. I read a story about some other period of Franklin's life.
6. I learned one of Poor Richard's wise maxims.
7. I helped to write or copy a little newspaper for our branch league.
8. I started (or added to) a savings account.
9. I earned some money.
10. I made a budget of how my money should be spent.
11. I was careful not to waste pencils.
12. I was careful of my school books.
13. I was careful of my writing paper at school.
14. I was careful of my clothes.
15. I was careful not to waste food.
16. I helped select some clothes or some other necessity for myself.
17. I learned some new facts about Joan of Arc, whose birthday comes on January 6.
18. I learned some new facts about Alexander Hamilton whose birthday comes on January 11.
19. I learned some new facts about Daniel Webster whose birthday comes on January 18.
20. I memorized a poem by Robert Burns whose birthday comes on January 25.
21. I learned the names of three compositions of Franz Schubert whose birthday comes January 31.
22. I learned the names of three compositions by Wolfgang Mozart, whose birthday comes January 27.
23. I read about James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, whose birthday comes January 19.
24. I read a poem by Edgar Allan Poe, whose birthday comes on January 19.
25. I read about one of the great southern generals—Stonewall Jackson, whose birthday comes on January 21, or Robert E. Lee, whose birthday comes on January 19.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day one or more good citizenship deeds are recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. Although it is desirable to do as many of the good citizenship deeds suggested above as possible, it is not necessary, and *any good deed that you record will count.* At the beginning of the month, write your name and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you can record the date and your deed (or deeds) for that day. Send your January lists in time to reach us by February 5th, if you want to see your names on the Honor Roll. If a grown-up counselor is in charge of a branch league, she may send us a list of the members, with the number of Honor Points each one deserves.



CRUMPLE PUDDING

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON
Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry Detectors," etc.

NO NEED to ask if Child Life cooks had a good time during the Christmas Holidays! Of course they did, every single cook of them! We liked it all—the presents, the goodies to eat and the trees and trimmings; the cooking and giving and doing for others—it was all part of the good time. But now that it is over, we must admit to ourselves that getting down to plain, everyday living is fun, too, and that if we had the choosing, we would like to make something that's not the least bit like candy or cake or anything fancy. It must be good, though—dear me, yes! Everything we make must be good, else there isn't the slightest excuse for making it.

So, inasmuch as we *did* have the choosing, we put on our thinking caps and decided to learn how to make a new apple pudding. We call it Crumple Pudding because—there now, we didn't mean to tell that in the beginning. Wait till you have read your lesson entirely to the end and see if you can tell why the pudding has that name. We are sure that you can, if you read carefully, so we may not tell, even at the end.

Before we begin on the recipe, suppose we talk a little about apples. How many reasons can we think of for liking to have a new apple dish?

1. Because we like apples. That's good enough reason for anybody.

2. Because apples are so very wholesome. That means that they are good for us to eat. Did you know that apples are mostly water? That seems funny, doesn't it? But the water in apples is more than just plain water (good though that is). Apple juice has in it lots of good minerals that help to make strong girls and boys and it has such a fine flavor that it is very easy to eat, don't you think so?

3. Because apples are in season a long time. That means that we can use our apple recipes over and over, so they are well worth learning.

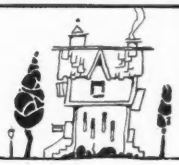
4. Because apples are not expensive.

Supplies for a Crumple Pudding include some tart apples—perhaps Mother calls them "cooking" apples. A sweet apple, such as is very nice to eat raw, will not get soft in cooking; there is too much sugar in it. So when we cook, we take a tart apple and it gets soft and mellow and delicious. You will need three or four or five, depending upon the size of each apple. You will need some rice flakes

[Continued on page 37]

JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

Robert and Ruth Visit the Home of Baby Ruth



(Continued from December issue)

RUTH had strayed too near the kettles in her enthusiasm over the mixing of the cream center for the Baby Ruth bars. "They are certainly attracted by the candy business," smiled Mother in relief, as Robert pulled his sister from danger.

"Now that you have seen how the centers are made, I don't suppose you want to go on," teased Baby Ruth.

"Oh, yes, we do!" chorused the children, and then exclaimed in amazement as their guide showed them where the opera-cream material had been spread in sheets on spotless tables to harden before cutting. A man walked up and down, and with swoops of the marker blocked off the substance into oblong pieces. "Here is where it is broken up into the center portions," said Baby Ruth, leading them to the machine where the sheets of candy were inserted, only to fall out in innumerable smaller pieces. A moving belt carried them to machines where they were dipped into butter-caramel and then tumbled over and over in crisp, white peanuts.

Baby Ruth smiled at the round eyes of the children. "Curtis Candy Company has the largest peanut toasting factories in the world," she said. "We use forty-five million pounds of peanuts a year. Before use in the Baby Ruth bars they go through nine different processes. They are sorted, cleaned, roasted, blanched, toasted before an open fire, and the hearts are taken out."

The children watched the candy bars tumble in the peanuts down the belt to the host of girls who put them in aluminum cup conveyers to be taken to the "enrober." "All our workers are under constant supervision as to their health and clothes," said the spirit of the Baby Ruth factories to Mother. She opened the door of the hospital where a charming nurse smiled at them. "Are you ready to go on?" she asked, returning to the children.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Ruth. "We want to see how the chocolate gets over the peanuts."

"I'll show you how it is melted, first," said Baby Ruth, leading them downstairs. "Now, this is a cake of the best chocolate we can find, our chemists say. Here, John, break this up for us," she called. John threw the cake into a machine where it was broken by tiny, steel teeth and thrown on a belt which conveyed it to one of the huge kettles, where thick, creamy material circulated slowly. "Each of these kettles contains a ton of chocolate," smiled Baby Ruth. "It takes just sixteen tons daily to clothe our Baby Ruth bars, in this plant alone. From these kettles the material is pumped to the 'enrobers' which coat the peanut covered bar as you see it when you purchase your Baby Ruths."

Ruth wanted to see this process, so back upstairs they went where they saw the plain peanut bars march into the "enrober" to march out on the other side so many "chocolate-uniformed soldiers," as Robert said.

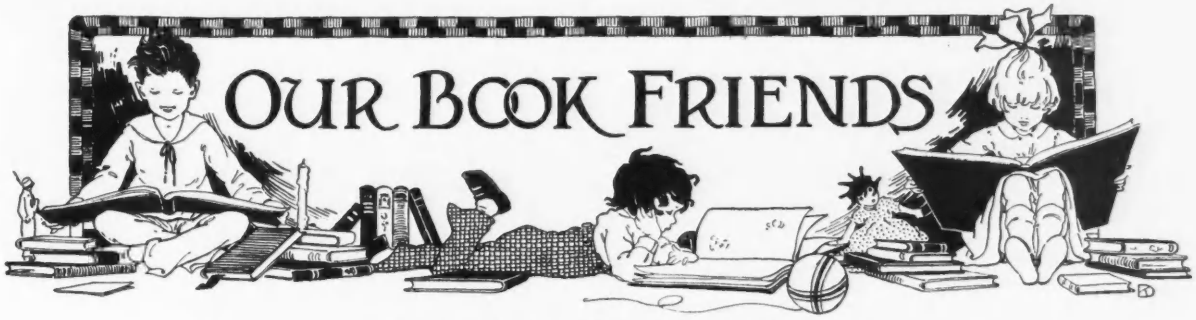
"That is just why I call them my army," laughed Baby Ruth. "From here they go through the refrigerator room where their coats are hardened so that by the time they march out, they are ready for their crisp wrappers which you see them donning here," and she led them to the next room where many girls were wrapping countless bars. "After being wrapped they are put into the boxes to be sent to the stores. Down this slide they go, clicking the marker which counts them, then shoot into the shipping room where they are packed and shipped immediately. It takes just twenty minutes from a 'rooky' to a 'regular' ready to disembark from the factory."

"What fun to slide down the shoots!" chuckled Ruth to Robert, but he was watching the counting device and thinking that candy bar arithmetic was his especial fondness.

"Did you notice these new racks?" continued Baby Ruth. "Any bars sold from these counter racks carry the personal guarantee of our President."

"That is something new in the candy business, is it not?" asked Mother.

"Yes, it is," answered Baby Ruth, "but we feel that our bars are of such good quality that we can readily do this. Well, now you know how Baby Ruth bars are made," she smiled as they left the factory. Robert rubbed his chin in imitation of Daddy when he was acting important. "Yes," he said seriously, "and we give it *our* personal guarantee, too."



By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library,
Present Librarian, Hamilton Junior High School, Long Beach, California

THE air is now one of man's highways. The story of high adventure is one of courage, sacrifice, and honor. Yet so accustomed are we growing to this new age of transportation that we forget the time when aviation was still an experiment. It is great fun, therefore, to open Henry Lanier's *Book of Bravery* and read there of the great treat which came to the little Dauphin of France.

Witnessing the event, besides the son of Marie Antoinette, was Benjamin Franklin. Franklin was following his usual custom of not missing anything novel, especially if it possessed scientific interest. "The treaty of peace had just been signed which acknowledged his struggling country as a nation; but shrewd old Benjamin's letters show that his mind was even fuller of this new marvel than of the final triumph of America for which he had worked so ably." The story of "The First Air Voyage" is a personal account of Marquis d' Arlandes and M. de Rozier's flight—a spectacle which no human eye, in 1783, had ever beheld.

It is interesting to read in *Beginning to Fly* that these two Frenchmen, who were the first to make a balloon flight, did so because of a question which arose as to the possibility of man's being able to live in the rarefied air above the earth. First, a balloon was sent up carrying other live passengers—a sheep, a rooster, and a duck. These aerial passengers made the flight successfully. Then it was decided to risk the lives of human beings in the cause of science, and Pilâtre de Rozier announced his willingness to undertake the trip. In November, 1783, he made the first flight in a free balloon that history records. The effort was made under royal patronage for the special edification of the Dauphin.

From prehistoric time all down through the ages, man has looked upon the flying bird with envy. The earliest legends were filled with impossible accounts of man flying through the air, and as time passed these stories grew, often giving the details of the supposed flights. Leonardo da Vinci, whose fame rests on his ability as an artist, was also an architect, an engineer and a scientist. He it was who invented the parachute and found time to make many drawings and sketches which bear a surprising resemblance to some of the first successful airplanes. To-day flying has become fascinating to persons of all ages in every nation. Rudyard Kipling has been quoted as saying of aerial navigation, "We are at the opening verse of the opening page of the chapter of endless possibilities."

Modern exploration is by aircraft. A score of famous flying men have flown to the most obscure points of the earth, have set amazing endurance records, and have criss-crossed the ocean with their flights. Just to mention all the famous flights and fliers would fill volumes. Those of us who read *A Tenderfoot with Peary*—an account of Peary's first discovery of the North Pole in 1909—before the days of the airplane and radio, were intensely interested in word that the Pole had been reached by airplane on May 9, 1926. Commander Richard E. Byrd has been the fighting organizer of several great expeditions. He was the first to fly to the North Pole, he made a non-stop flight to France (one of the toughest air battles ever fought), and is now extending his conquests to "the home of the blizzard"—the Antarctic Continent. There is a new account of Commander Byrd's exploits called *Struggle*. In his own book, *Skyward*, this aviator commends flying to the country's youth as a pursuit worthy of a man's devotion. Byrd tells how his mother was the one who let him go around the world alone at the age of twelve. To her flying didn't seem to have any more danger in it—just a different kind.

As a boy Commander Byrd remembers hearing discussions about which was the safest railroad on which to travel. None of them were considered very safe. Now people discuss not which is the safest railroad but which is the most comfortable. Safety is taken for granted. Accidents in aviation now come largely from experimental work. Aviation is "making good" and has achieved some fine records. The public is forever being confused by accidents from careless flying, pioneer flights, or military maneuvers in the air. During the World War, the warring factions put their best brains to developing the airplane and its accessories. Two of the outstanding achievements of this period were the development of aerial photography and the great strides made in the art of flying by individual pilots.

[*Continued on page 40*]

A POP CORN FROLIC

BY LOIE E. BRANDOM

IF YOU want to make your friends have one of the jolliest times of their lives, invite them to a pop corn party.

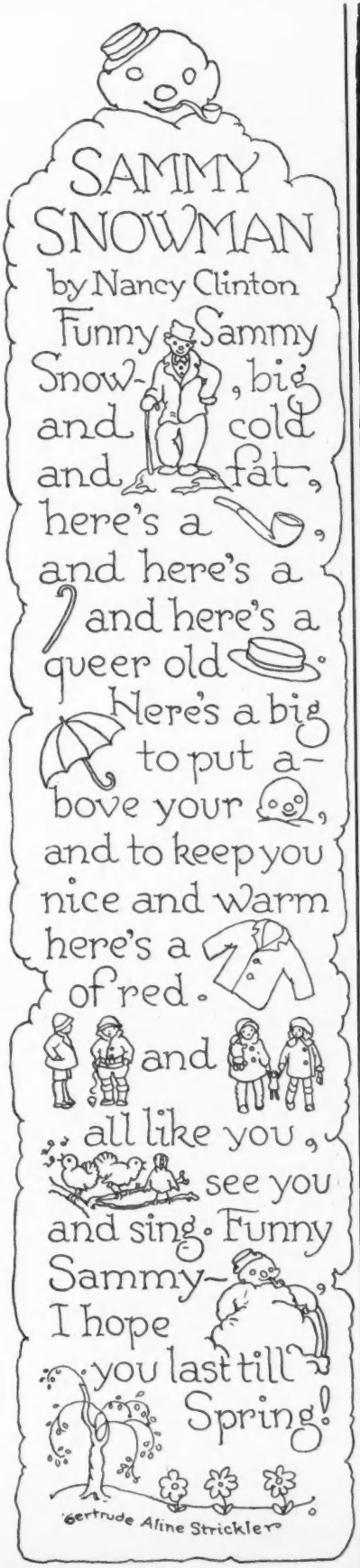
As the guests arrive, present each with a crepe paper cap decorated with tassels of popped corn, each cap of a different color. In a large circle on the floor arrange sofa pillows and, beside each pillow, a bowl of popped corn and a needle threaded with a long, stout thread. The threads should be of different colors, corresponding to the colors of the caps, and the guests find their places by matching the colors of their caps with the threads.

After the corn has been strung into necklaces, the pillows are removed from the floor, leaving a nice, large, cleared place for the games and contests which are to follow.

To play *planting the corn*, supply each guest with five grains of unpopped corn. In the center of the room, place a small flowerpot. The players line up in a row. Number one runs in a circle around the flowerpot five times and tries at each round to drop one of the kernels of corn into the pot. The number she succeeds in dropping into the pot are recorded by the score keeper, the pot is emptied and the next player plants her corn in the same way. The one scoring the highest number wins. If there is a tie, the players may draw for the prize.

Pop corn row will cause a great deal of merriment. Two heavy cords are stretched tightly across the room, leaving a path between them just wide enough to walk through. Pop corn balls wrapped in bright colored tissue paper are

(Continued on page 43)


SAMMY SNOWMAN
by Nancy Clinton
Funny Sammy Snow-man, big and cold and fat, here's a nose, and here's a mouth and here's a queer old hat.
Here's a big stick to put a-bove your head, and to keep you nice and warm here's a coat of red.
and all like you,
see you and sing. Funny Sammy-man I hope you last till Spring!
Gertrude Aline Strickler

What Was Peter Rabbit's Secret?

"Why can Peter Rabbit run so fast?" Bobby asked his mother one morning.

"Why not ask Peter himself?" suggested his mother. "Perhaps he will tell you his secret."

Bobby hurried out to the Old Orchard where he found Peter sunning himself on a log.

"Good morning, Peter," said Bobby. I've come to you for advice. I want to make the track team this spring and teacher says I must learn to run faster. Won't you tell me your secret?"

"It's no secret," replied Peter. "I just eat run-fast foods that make my legs strong and swift."

"What run-fast food can *I* eat?" asked Bobby.

"Wheat," replied Peter. "But you must eat every bit of the kernel just as Mother Nature made it."

Bobby told his mother what Peter had said and thereafter she gave him a steaming bowl of Wheatena every morning. When spring came, Bobby could run so fast that the older boys were glad to have him on their track team.

Most mothers know why Wheatena is a "run-fast" food. It is the cereal made from the entire nut-brown wheat kernel – therefore contains the minerals, vitamins and other good things that build strong, sturdy boys and girls.

Special Offer!

"Feeding the Child from Crib to College" is an entirely new kind of book for mothers—written by one of the most eminent child-health specialists in America. Absolutely authoritative. Only 25c brings you a copy. Please use coupon on right.

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Name .....

Address ..... CL 1-29

Jack Junior's *New Year's Visit*

DEAR old Mrs. Kindly had welcomed them in, and now, for ever and ever so long, she and Dad had been talking. As for Jack Junior, he *seemed* to be listening with all his ears to every word they said. But he wasn't. He was listening for something else. And ah, here they came. The butler's footsteps!

Soon the butler was there, bearing a trayful of good things. Cookies—even nicer than last time. And steaming hot cups of something that smelled *awfully* good. Was he going to have some? No, for there were only *two* cups. But he did wish . . .

And then *someone* was saying something . . .

"Why . . . why c-c—couldn't he have brought *another* cup, for me?"

Of all things! Jack Junior could scarcely believe his ears. For it was—*his own voice!* He must have thought it—right out loud!

No one spoke a word. Just dead silence—and Jack Junior *knew*. He must go at once. Up he got, and straight toward the door he flew! And fell—fell . . .

. . . right into Mrs. Kindly's arms!

Somehow, she wiped away his tears, and made him feel better. Much, *much* better when she said, "Of course you can have some of this nice drink! It's Postum made with milk, and I know you'll like it as much as I do. Higgins, bring another cup."

Jack Junior took a sip. "It's . . . it's better than any drink I ever *dreamed* of!" pronounced Jack Junior, happily.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mothers: Instant Postum made with milk is really an ideal drink for children. It brings all the body-building nourishment of milk, along with a warmth and a flavor that make it welcome every time. And it takes but a moment to prepare. Just add hot (not boiled) milk to Instant Postum.

Instant Postum is made of whole wheat and bran, roasted. Authorities regard the wholesomeness of Postum made with milk so highly, it has become an established part of the noonday lunch in schools throughout the land.

A week's supply of Postum, as well as Carrie Blanchard's interesting and helpful booklet about Postum for children, will be sent you free. Just fill in the coupon.

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MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

★P.—C.L.—1-29

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of
INSTANT POSTUM (prepared instantly in the cup)
Please send also the Children's booklet by Carrie Blanchard.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Fill in completely—Print name and address

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY, Ltd.
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

FREDDY GOLDFISH

[*Continued from page 9*]

slowly and carefully made her way along the fence, while Freddy frolicked for joy. At last he was going to have a playmate.

"Whee! Whee!" he splashed, until the waves he made rippled down to Mother, who stirred in her sleep, dreaming of an ocean storm. But by this time, the old gray cat stood opposite the open window, and Freddy was so excited he had forgotten all about Mother.

Lightly the cat leaped from the fence to the window sill. She jumped to the table beside the Goldfish Bowl, and with one paw on the glass, stood staring down, with that strange look in her big yellow eyes.

Suddenly Freddy felt frightened.

"Mother! Mother!" he called, diving down to the bottom, and Mother woke up.

But it was too late. The old gray cat had dipped her paw into the water.

Suddenly everything happened at once—like an earthquake and a thunderstorm and a shipwreck! Over toppled the bowl, and crashed to the floor, spilling the water and leaving Freddy and his mother gasping for breath on a thick fuzzy rug. Down leaped the big gray cat and stretched out her sharp claws for Freddy.

"Scat!" cried a voice. "Scat! Bad cat, get out! Scat!" and the old gray cat leaped through the window and away over the fence. The boy and girl had come home just in time, for their pet goldfishes were gasping their lives away on the rug.

In a jiffy Freddy and his mother found themselves back in the Bowl once more, breathing fresh clean water. Oh, how good it felt! Too weak to swim, they rested together at the bottom of the Bowl. They did not notice the girl unwrapping a jar of water, with something small and gold wiggling about inside.

Suddenly Freddy felt a splash beside him. He looked up. There was another goldfish, so like him they might have been twins. He could hardly believe his eyes.

"Hello!" he cried, all lively again. "Who

[*Continued on page 36*]

SECOND WILD ANIMAL CONTEST

WE KNOW that every one of you boys and girls will want to enter the second Wild Animal Contest which David Newell, the well-known artist-naturalist, is conducting for the readers of CHILD LIFE and which ends this month. For the first prize there will be a Vest Pocket Hawk-Eye Camera (made by Eastman Kodak Company), and an autographed copy of Mr. Newell's interesting book, "Cougars and Cowboys." The second prize will be an autographed copy of "Cougars and Cowboys," with a cartoon of the winner's favorite animal on the flyleaf. In addition, there will be honorable mention in the magazine for the next best contest papers.

Turn to page 24, and you will find a picture and a story about "Beaver," the last one of the series. In the August issue there was a story and picture of "Grey Fox"; in the September issue you read about "Opossum," in the October issue about "Raccoon," in the November issue about "Woodchuck" and in the December issue about "Otter." In each illustration, an animal is shown enjoying one of its favorite foods, and other foods are mentioned in each story. Occasionally a question is asked. Make a separate list of the foods eaten by each of the animals whose pictures you see. Also answer any questions that you find in the text, and if you know of any food that one of these animals likes, and that you don't find listed, be sure to put it on *your* list.

Send these lists, together with a letter of not over two hundred words about your favorite animal, to David Newell, care CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois, before January 12, 1929. The prizes will be awarded for the best lists, answers and letters. You do not have to buy CHILD LIFE in order to enter the contest. Copies of both current and back issues may be read at our office or at nearly all public libraries.

There is joy in the journey to California and Southern Arizona

Santa Fe - Fred Harvey *"all the way"*

Life takes on new fascination in this sparkling country of the Coast, where one may play out of doors all winter.

Six Santa Fe trains leave Chicago and Kansas City every day for California. *The Chief*, extra fine — extra fast — extra fare; two *California Limiteds*, without extra fare; the *Navajo*, the *Scout*, and the *Missionary*.

Fred Harvey dining service — best in the transportation world.

Ask about our California Mid-Winter Escorted Tours— all expense—Indian detour, Grand Canyon, Phoenix and Yosemite enroute.

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Santa Fe

Mr. W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe System Lines
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Am interested in winter trip to_____
Please send detailed information and descriptive folders.

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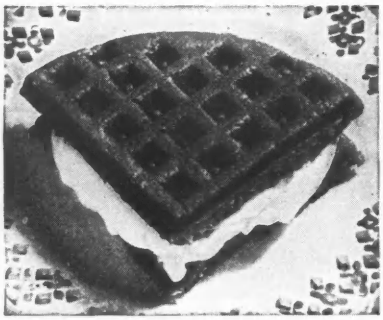
Gingerbread Waffles!

a new dessert with that wonderful "Old Plantation Flavor"



GINGERBREAD WAFFLES

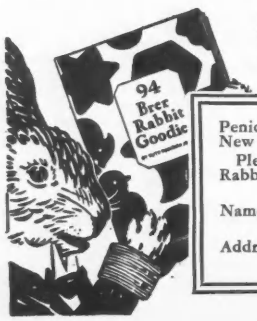
Sift 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons ginger and ½ teaspoon salt. Heat to boiling point, but do not boil, 1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses and ½ cup butter. Remove from stove and beat in 1½ teaspoons soda. Add ½ cup sour milk, 1 beaten egg, then sifted dry ingredients. Bake in waffle iron. Serve hot with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored

IT IS JUST HUMAN NATURE to love sweets. And, happily, there are wholesome sweets that are actually good for growing boys and girls.

Children particularly love the tantalizing fragrance, the real plantation flavor of Brer Rabbit Molasses. And you can give them all they want of this simple, natural sweet. For Brer Rabbit Molasses is rich in the iron and lime of the sugar cane—two food elements all growing children need.

Real old-time New Orleans molasses—that's Brer Rabbit. It is packed in two grades: Gold Label—the highest quality light molasses for table use and fancy cookery. Green Label — a rich, full-flavored dark molasses, especially fine for baking.

94 new recipes FREE . .



Just off the press—a *new* Brer Rabbit cook book. All about molasses cookery. Mail coupon for free copy.

Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., Dept. C-3
New Orleans, Louisiana.

Please send my free copy of "94 Brer Rabbit Goodies" by Ruth Washburn Jordan.

Name.....

Address.....

FREDDY GOLDFISH

[*Continued from page 34*]

are you? Can you do the corkscrew dive?"

"I'm Frank," said the new goldfish. "Sure I can. Watch!"

And Freddy and Frank began swimming and diving together until the boy and girl, watching outside, laughed aloud.

"I told you he needed another fish to play with," said the girl. "Now he'll never be lonesome again."

And Freddy never was.

JOHN MILLAIS AND THE FRENCH SOLDIERS

[*Continued from page 14*]

thought him just as interesting as ever.

But the officers were eager to be taken to John's mother and William wanted to get home and see the whole thing safely over. So little John had to be content to keep tightly hold of the drawings he had already made and to hurry on with the rest.

When they drew near the house there was their mother in the doorway, now laughing a little, but a little anxious, too, to see her two boys escorted home by two imposing officers.

"They took my picture away," cried little John, running straight into her arms. "And they said I was too small but I drew another and now I have them both and, oh, Mother, you should see the Tambeur-Major."

The officers meanwhile put their heels together and made deep bows; then they handed a little bag of glistening coins to Mrs. Millais.

And they told her in French, which she could understand, that they believed her little boy would grow into a great artist and that they had brought the purse of gold to show their admiration. Mrs. Millais saw that they would be offended if she refused, so she thanked them in her pretty quiet English way.

William and John stood on each side of her, looking up into her face and she had, as always, a tender smile for each. But into the smile for little John had crept a little awe and new pride, for she felt in her heart that all that the French officers said was true about her little six-year-old boy.

And so it was, as you will find if you go into any London gallery. But without going to London you will often see a picture called "The Hugenot" which has been copied and loved in a great many countries. There are many other illustrative pictures—Ophelia, and Mariana, and portraits too, one of the great English statesmen, Gladstone—all done by the same hand that, when it was very small, sketched so deftly the glorious form of the gilded Drum Major and the French Colonel, with his cigar and his tilted chair.

CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

[*Continued from page 29*]

or corn flakes—any good brand. We like rice flakes the best, but either will make a fine pudding. Then you will want butter and sugar, ground cinnamon and nutmeg and a nice baking dish that will hold enough for five or six servings.

CRUMPLE PUDDING

Peel, core and cut into small pieces enough apples to make about three and one half cupfuls. We say "about," for apples vary so in size that a person cannot tell exactly how many will make that amount. If you have a little over three and a half cupfuls, put it in the pudding; do not waste it. If you come out with a wee bit less, do not start another whole apple; use a bit less. But get as nearly the correct amount as you can.

Measure 1 and ½ cupfuls of rice (or corn) flakes. Crumple these in your hand till they are broken into fine bits. For this your hands must be dry as well as clean. Some cooks prefer to roll the flakes with a rolling pin. We don't; we crumple them with our hands. It is quicker, makes prettier flakes and is lots more fun.

Measure 2 level tablespoonfuls of butter. Cut this butter into 18 or 20 tiny bits and put them close by your baking dish ready for use.

Measure ½ cupful of sugar (either cane or beet sugar, granulated).

Measure 1 teaspoonful of ground cinnamon and ⅛ teaspoonful of ground nutmeg, and mix well with the sugar.

Butter the baking dish, generously using extra butter, not that which you have already measured. If you use individual baking dishes, butter those, just as a big dish.

Into the baking dish put a layer of apples, using one cupful.
Sprinkle over the apples a layer of crumples, using ½ cupful.
Sprinkle over the crumples ⅓ of the sugar mixture.
Dot this layer with 6 of the bits of butter you have cut.

Add another layer of apples, crumples, sugar and butter, using the same amounts.

Add a third layer, using all the remaining materials. This third layer will have slightly more apples and butter, but that is quite right—the dish may be a bit wider at the top and anyway, the last layer must be generous.

After it is all arranged neatly, sprinkle 2 tablespoonfuls of un-crumpled flakes over the whole pudding and put over it all ¾ cupful of water, dribbling it evenly over the whole pudding.

Bake at 425 degrees for 50 minutes. Individual puddings will need only 45 minutes.

Serve hot with hard sauce.

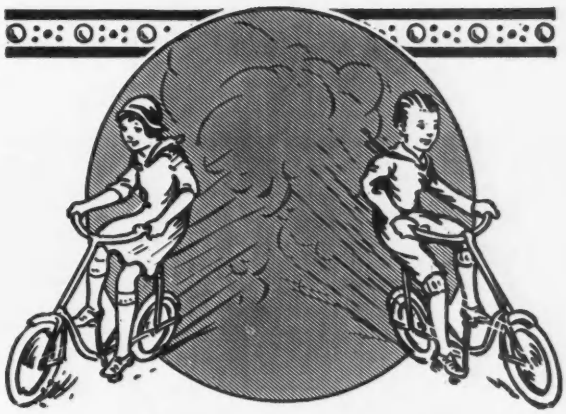
For a change use ¾ of a cupful of raisins, ¼ cupful in each layer, if you like raisins.

HARD SAUCE

Warm a mixing bowl by putting it on the oven for ten minutes.
Into this warmer bowl put 2 tablespoonfuls of butter
2 tablespoonfuls of cream
1 cupful of confectioner's sugar.
Beat together till smooth and creamy.
Serve from a small bowl placed beside the pudding dish.

MENU FOR A JANUARY DINNER

Sausages with baked squash
Corn and green bean succotash
Baking powder biscuits
Lettuce salad with boiled egg dressing
Crumple pudding with hard sauce



A-SPINNING

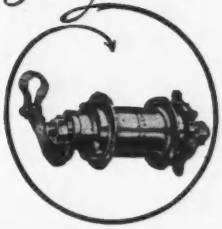
THE big, old world goes spinning 'round,
As big worlds always do.
And SCOOTER BIKES with merry feet
Keep spinning gaily, too.
The earth turns on its *axis* and
Is safe without mistakes.
When riding SCOOTER BIKES we trust
In ENDEE COASTER BRAKES.

WE PARENTS missed the fun of scooter bikes. But that is no reason why our tots shouldn't know the joy of happy healthful spinning.

The sturdy New Departure Coaster Brake that we used on our bicycles has been adapted for use on the newer scooter bike.

Safety is just as important now as ever. That is why we suggest that your children's scooter bikes be equipped with the New Departure Coaster Brake. All dealers will furnish it on request.

Especially designed for Scooter Bikes



New Departure
ENDEE
Coaster Brake
BRISTOL CONN.

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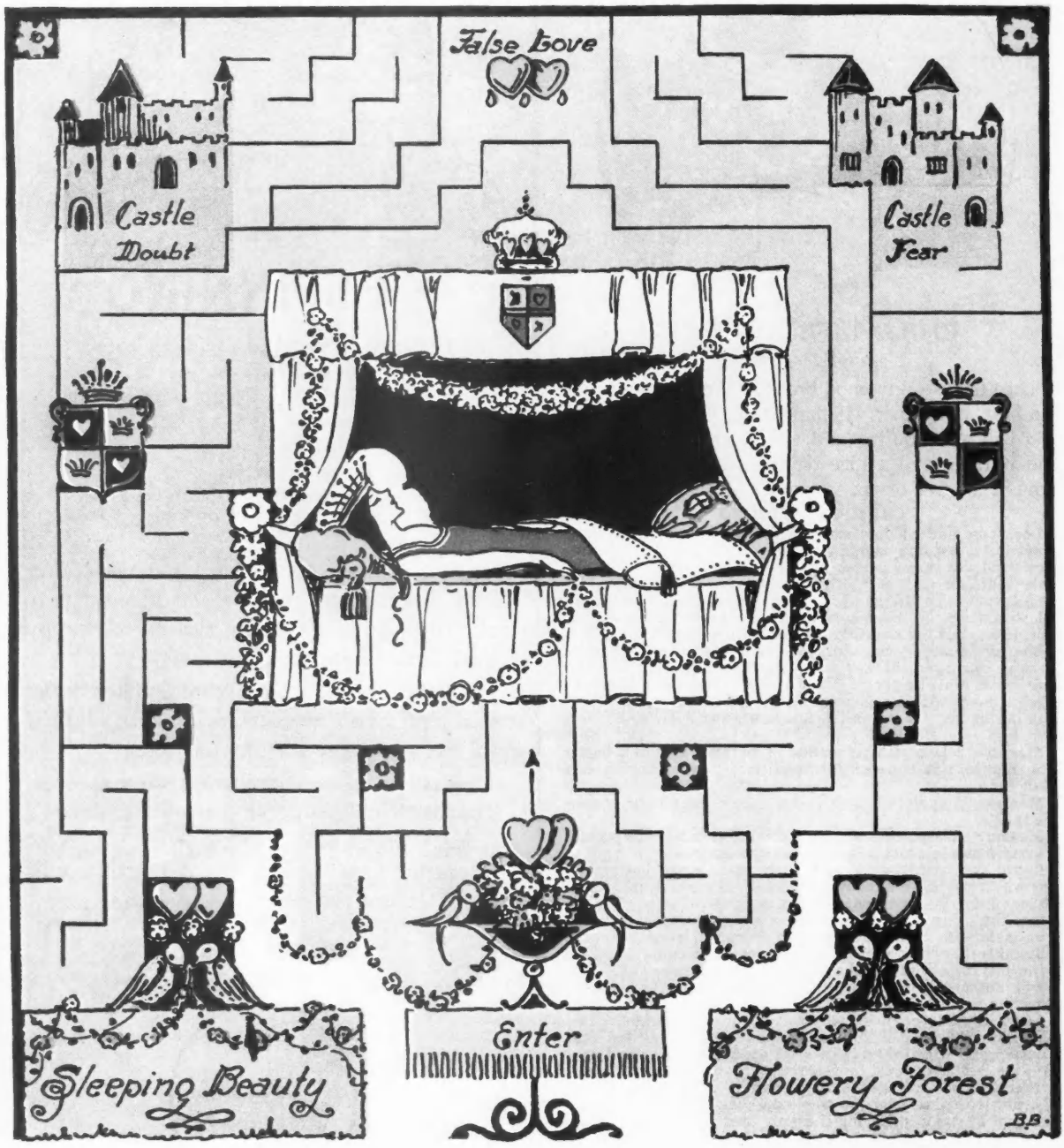
The Treasure Hunt for Sleeping Beauty

By BERTHA BLODGETT



THERE was once a prince who was both charming and brave. He said to himself, "I would like to go treasure hunting, but already I have more gold than I can use. It would be far more interesting to seek an adventure of love and thereby find a young and beautiful wife who would indeed be a treasure better than jewels and silver." So he set out upon his quest.

Now it happened that it was upon this very day that Sleeping Beauty was to awake from her long slumber of one hundred years. A witch had put to sleep this lovely daughter of a king and had hedged her about with a flowery forest, so dense that no one could see into it and so beset with thorns and brambles that it was impossible to enter.

The charming prince did not long delay in making up his mind to venture into the flowery forest. Fate was kind to him, since that day was the day of days. Everywhere the brambles parted to make paths for his feet and the flowers smiled their encouragement.

At last he came upon the royal bower and there lay the lovely Sleeping Beauty who was truly the most beautiful princess he had ever seen.

It needed but a kiss to wake her and make her the treasure of his heart forever after.

Rules of the game: Enter the maze from the outside rim and proceed along the paths, without crossing a line, until you reach the arrow which points the way to the object of your search.

YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUET. With Patterns.

MARJORIE has reached the important age, at which she may watch in the New Year.

She is wearing a charming velvet frock, made with the skirt gathered in soft folds at the right side.

A coat with cape and angora cloth sport jacket form a very distinctive part of her wardrobe for the New Year.

Pattern No. 6290, 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.
Pattern No. 6235, 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years.
Pattern No. 6293, 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years.

All patterns are 20 cents each from Child Life, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago.

OUR WORKSHOP

[*Continued from page 26*]

shown in Figure 2. Then with a compass saw, or other small saw, cut from corner hole to corner hole, and then trim up the edges of the openings with a file and sandpaper.

You can make a flat roof, but most hangar roofs are curved. It is not hard to make a curved roof. Two gable ends of equal size are required (Figures 3 and 4). Make a cardboard pattern, as shown in Figure 5, using a piece of string, a tack and a pencil for a compass. The length of the string will depend upon the height of gable wanted. When you have drawn the pattern, cut it out with scissors, and mark out around it on two pieces of boards. Saw out the pieces, cutting as close to the outlines as you can, then smooth up with a plane and sandpaper. A file is handy for shaping curved edges. Fasten the gable ends across the box ends, as shown.

The roof boards must be narrow. You can saw box boards into narrow strips, or use laths or lattice strips. Cut the strips of the right length to extend across the gable end pieces, and fasten them with small nails. Get a sheet of corrugated strawboard, such as is used for packing fragile articles, for the top covering. This makes excellent imitation sheet metal roofing. Spread it over the boarded roof, and fasten it with glue and tacks. Trim off the edges, so there will be a slight projection on all sides.

If you saved the box end that you removed, saw it in half for the hangar doors. Buy two pairs of small hinges, attach a pair to each door, as shown in Figure 6, and then screw them to the edges of the side walls. To fasten the doors. when shut, use hooks and eyes (Figure 7), or metal or wooden buttons (Figure 8), fastening these above the doors, as shown in Figure 1.

Finish the hangar inside and out with two coats of paint, enamel or lacquer, Probably Mother can give you some left over from the last furniture she refinished. Gray is good for the outside of a hangar, white for the inside. But red, green or yellow makes a more attractive toy.

You will want a "wind sock," or "wind cone," the aviators' indicator of the direction of wind near the ground. You can mount it upon the roof of the hangar. Figure 9 shows a detail. Bend a piece of wire into a frame like that shown in Figure 10, with ends hooked to fit over a nail. Slip a nail through the hooks, and wrap thread coated with glue around the nail below the lower hook, for a bearing, Make the cone of paper, and glue it to the frame.

OUR BOOK FRIENDS

[*Continued from page 31*]

We thoroughly enjoy those tales in which the pilot got the maximum from his ship under all conditions —stories like *High Adventure, Fighting the Flying Circus,* and *Heroes of Aviation.*

Since the war, aviation has advanced steadily. As evidence we have here in America a highly developed air mail system, a number of passenger-carrying transport lines, firms and individuals using the air for the rapid transportation of goods. The numerous long flights made by men like Charles Lindbergh, Clarence Chamberlin, Richard Byrd, and Arthur Goebel are too well known to need comment. The personal charm and the simple unassuming character of these shipmates of the air puts everyone under a spell. It is just twenty-five years since the airplane was invented. So connected is the record for us that we often forget the progress which has been made. We realize what tremendous strides have been made when we read *Conquering the Air, Heroes of the Air, We, Record Flights,* and *Our Polar Flight.*

Wilbur and Orville Wright turned to flying as a hobby and put into it much of their savings. It is to their credit that they also approached it as scientists. Operating model planes is the best possible way to learn the fundamentals of flying. As you build the types of models that have set world's records you will be following in the footsteps of great designers of modern aircraft. Many of these men began their careers by constructing and flying models. A Boy Scout who would obtain a merit badge for Aviation must have a knowledge of the theory of the airplane. What a thrilling moment any boy will have who finds such books as *Beginning to Fly, The ABC of Flight, Building and Flying Modern Aircraft,* and *Modern Airplanes: How to Build and Fly Them!*

To Boy Scouts, to girls who would follow Amelia Earhart, to all of you who love adventure and would follow the pioneers of the air, we commend these books. With these accounts of high adventure we send the great words of Goethe:

"Where no flyer has shown you the way, there make your own way."

PLUCK AND THE FLYER

ABC of Flight - - - - - - - - - - - - *Victor W. Page*
NORMAN W. HENLEY PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK

Airmen and Aircraft - - - - - - - - - - *Henry H. Arnold*
RONALD PRESS COMPANY, NEW YORK

An Alphabet of Aviation - - - - - - - - - - *Paul Jones*
MACRAE-SMITH COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Aviation Pamphlet - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Boy Scouts' Year Book - - *Edited by Franklin K. Mathiews*
D. APPLETON & COMPANY, NEW YORK

Beginning to Fly - - - - - - - - - - *Merrill Hamburg*
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, BOSTON

Book of Bravery - - - - - *Compiled by Henry W. Lanier*
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Boys' Book of Airmen - - - - - - - - - *Irving Crump*
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK

Boy's Book of Model Aeroplanes - - - - - *F. A. Collins*
CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK

Boy's Life of the Wright Brothers - - - *Mitchell V. Charnley*
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK

Building and Flying Modern Aircraft - - - - *Paul E. Garber*
RONALD PRESS, NEW YORK

Conquering the Air - - - - - - - - *Archibald Williams*
THOMAS NELSON & SONS, NEW YORK

Dick Byrd—Air Explorer - - - - - - - - - *Fitzhugh Green*
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Everybody's Aviation Guide - - - - - - - - - *Victor Page*
NORMAN P. HENLEY, NEW YORK

Fighting the Flying Circus - - - - - *E. V. Rickenbacker*
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, NEW YORK

Heroes of Aviation - - - - *Laurence La Tourette Driggs*
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, BOSTON

Heroes of the Air - - - - - - - - - - *Charles C. Fraser*
THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO., NEW YORK

High Adventure - - - - - - - - - - - - *James N. Hall*
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, BOSTON

Historic Airships - - - - - - - - - - - *Rupert S. Holland*
MACRAE-SMITH COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Knights of the Wing - - - - - - - - - - *A. M. Jacobs*
THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK

The Lindbergh Map - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
AMY DREVENSTEDT, NEW YORK CITY

The Lone Scout of the Sky - - - - - - - - *James E. West*
BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA, NEW YORK

Making Things With Tools - - - - - - - - *A. Neely Hall*
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO

Modern Aircraft - - - - - - - - - - - - *Victor W. Page*
NORMAN P. HENLEY, NEW YORK

Modern Airplanes: How to Build and Fly Them *Elmer L. Allen*
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, NEW YORK

Our Polar Flight - - - - - - - *Roald Amundsen and Others*
DODD MEAD & COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK

The Picture Book of Flying - - - - - - - - *Frank Tobias*
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

Record Flights - - - - - - - - - *Clarence D. Chamberlin*
DORRANCE, NEW YORK

Skyward - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Richard E. Byrd*
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

The Story of Transportation - - - - - - - - *Jeanette Eaton*
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK

Struggle - - - - - - - - - - - - *Charles J. V. Murphy*
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, NEW YORK

Tenderfoot With Peary - - - - - - - - - *George Borup*
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, NEW YORK

20 Hours, 40 Minutes: Our Flight in the Friendship, *Amelia Earhart*
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

We - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Charles Lindbergh*
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

For Children's Luncheons

Mothers can serve nothing more healthful and beneficial than "Lemco". This pure, concentrated essence of beef—with no fat, no flavoring—is sustenance without bulk in easily digestible form.

As beef broth, or added to soups, stews and vegetables, "Lemco" has an appetizing flavor that appeals to children. Doctors recommend ⅛ to ¼ teaspoon of "Lemco" in ½ pint of milk as particularly beneficial for rapidly growing children.

The most highly concentrated extract of beef known.

"Lemco" supplies sustaining properties of beef essential as a foundation for health, promotes strength for active boys and girls, and helps build up the system to resist disease.

"Lemco" is sold by druggists and grocers. If your dealer does not have it, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied.

LAMONT, CORLISS & COMPANY
133 Hudson Street New York
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"LEMCO"
LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

FOR YOUR PROTECTION

CHILD LIFE *Seal of* APPROVAL SAMPLE TESTED *and* PROVEN

This is the CHILD LIFE Approval Seal. Watch for it in 1929 on products which you purchase especially for the *Education, Health, Well-being and Entertainment of your children.*

Every product advertised in this issue has the approval of CHILD LIFE and the endorsement of the publishers, Rand McNally & Company.

Mothers of youngchildren

welcome these specially prepared strained, ready-to-serve vegetables

WITH *absolute safety* they meet the daily problem of baby's vegetable feedings. And they save the many tedious hours spent in cleaning, cooking, and straining vegetables with ordinary household equipment.

Rich in Vitamins
Approved by Leading Authorities

Sterilized at high temperature—steam pressure cooked and sealed—Gerber's Strained Vegetables retain most of the valuable mineral salts and vitamin elements lost in open vessel cooking. Tested and approved by leading Domestic Science Institutes and national pediatric authorities, Gerber's Strained Vegetables afford the variety required for a balanced feeding schedule. Soup, Spinach, Carrots, Peas and Prunes—a wholesome richness of tooth and bone and body building vitamins! The milk diet should be supplemented with the normal baby from six to eight months of age. Consult your physician for the best feeding schedule for your own baby's individual problem.

Special Introductory Offer

You yourself must try Gerber's Products to appreciate their tempting goodness. If your grocer cannot yet supply you (25¢ for the 10¼ Ounce can of Soup—15¢ for the 4½ Ounce can of Strained Vegetables)—send us today the attached special offer coupon. For your grocer's name and $1.00, we will send postpaid our introductory package—2 Soup—and 1 each Strained Spinach, Carrots, Prunes and Peas.

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Samples for physicians or hospitals on request

A WEEK'S SUPPLY

SEND COUPON

Gerber Products Division, *Fremont Canning Co.*, Fremont, Mich.
Dept. C L-2— Please send me
☐ Special Introductory Package ($1.00 Attached)
☐ Explanatory Leaflet

*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____
*My grocer is*_____

HOW THE PIXIES CAME BACK

[*Continued from page 11*]

"And I know a fiddler, who said he'd give his very best song, if he could once find a pixie in his fiddle!"

"That's two!" said the pixie prince.

"Then there's me!" said the little boy, and he thought and he thought.

"I know!" said the little boy. "I just love it, but if you'll come I'll give you my *birthday!*"

"Done!" said the pixie prince. "We'll come! If you need pixies as badly as that, we'd *better* come back!"

So they did. That very afternoon they packed their pixie parasols and twinkled the news about, and soon all the pixie cousins and the uncles and the aunts began trooping back through the rainbow gate.

But so many there were, to this day they are still coming.

Even now, just after a shower, when the sun is shining, if you look sharply, you may see them come fluttering over the rainbow rails, and if you look *very* sharply, you may see their slipper buckles making twinkles on their toes.

LACE HANDKERCHIEFS

ELEANOR HAMMOND

TINY, lacy snowflakes fly
From the cloudland in the sky—

Each, a perfect bit of lace
With a pattern I can trace!

What is it? It's my belief
It's a fairy's handkerchief!

LET US DRAW

By ETHEL M. RICE

Let us draw a line bent round
Like a horseshoe on the ground.

These lines add. We'll now suppose
It's a pond that wider grows.

Now let's make wide letter V,
Standing up on end, you see.

One more V we'll have to add,
Upside down! Oh, that's too bad.

Now a curved line in this space;
Draw it in the proper place.

Add a wee dot, if you wish;
Then you'll have a little fish!

GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE

[*Continued from page 28*]

a newspaper, just as he did when he was young.

And then to everyone's surprise, he handed each guest a copy of the "G. C. L. News," which he and Miss Bradley had copied on the typewriter, making enough carbon copies so that each member might have one. There was only one sheet, but it contained the news items the league was interested in reading—a story about the toys they had made for needy children at Christmas time, the basket ball victory that several of their members had helped to win and a report of the first January meeting, at which they had made plans for the Benjamin Franklin party. The newspaper idea was so popular that they decided to have one every month, each member taking a turn as editor.

Before they left the table, each guest repeated one of Poor Richard's wise maxims. They were surprised to find that most of them had something to do with thrift, either directly or indirectly, and since this was the case, they agreed that each member who hadn't already started a savings account, should do so before the month was over. Even though the amount might be small, Miss Bradley pointed out, the important thing was to acquire the *habit of saving*.

"I'm not going to forget that birthday party for a long time," said David, at the final meeting of the month, holding up his bank book. "This money is going to help me take that trip to camp next summer, and I'll certainly think about Poor Richard and his maxims then."

League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils in your room at school and shall mail you a handbook and pins for the boys and girls whose names, ages, and addresses you send us.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, Manager, CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

Honor Roll for October

The following members earned twenty-five or more honor points during October:

Hermese Abbott
Millie Abbott
Beatrice Airhart
Beulah Albin
Frederick Atkins
Dorcas Bahn
Laurette Bannings
Ruth E. Bartholomew
Wilma Baskett
Nickolas Bayreith
Vivian Bowers
Dorothy Bowman
Ruth Bowman
Helen Brown
Maxine Brown
Laura Carl
Paul Carley
Jane Carr
Eva Casslow
Ethel Chronister
Florence Chronister
Kenneth Chronister
O. B. Copeland
Paul Cunningham
Levetta De Water
Carol Dolcater
Elva Ebberts
Christine Edminston
Ethel Elwell
Marjorie Emory
Dorothy Finkelstein
Marie Ford
Irene Frank
Harold Gaffney
Joy Galbraith
Herbert Gandt
Marion Gardner
Stephen Gardner
Henry Gawley
Sylvia Giometti
Edith Hall
Billy Halsey
Mildred Halsted
Bennie Harrison
Erdine Hess
Gerald Hess
Evelyn Horsley
Elbert Howe
Olga Hromoho
Nellie Hughes
Gerfriede Jeksties
Mabel Johnson
Audrey Johnston
Naomi Jones
Virginia Jones
Mae Jordan
Eleanor Kalman
Viola Kanis
Francis Kelly
Dale Kruckman
Edna Lake
Eileen Lane
Legrand Leavitt
Jean Lett
Margaret Lloyd
Edith M. Loe
Dorothy Lou
Marion McGibben
Harry Miller
Arnold Millner
Lina Mitchell
Edith Mood
Andrew Morteney
Katherine Maunce
Loren Murphy
Ivan Nash
Ruth Nett
Marjorie Norum
Helen Olney
Naomi Onyon
June Pacey
Irva Palmer
Dale Poteet
Gale Poteet
Erma Pulsipher
Dorothy Putnam
Clarice Ranum
Joe Rausch
Angeline Regner
Edith Rhoden
Garnett Ridenhour
Vernon Ridenhour
Nellie Rowny
George Rush
Jewel Sanderson
Monique Sanderson
Helen Scifres
Harold Seeger
Arthur Shirley
Nick Shunk
Howard Snyder
Vance Snyder
Mabel Steele
Doris Turbett
Frances Turner
Virginia Updike
Neva Wade
Vera Wade
Phyllis Walker
John Wehmeyer
Irene White
Ray Whitman
Lorenzo Winn
Ardell Wolfe
Pearl Wright
Rush Young

A POP CORN FROLIC

(*Continued from page 32*)

suspended from the cords by short strings. The players draw slips of paper, on which are numbers, and they take turns, according to these numbers. Each guest in turn is blindfolded, given a pair of scissors and, after being turned around twice, is told to hold his left hand behind him and clip a ball from one of the lines, while he says,

"Down pop corn row I'm making a trip,
Hunting for a string to clip."

As a player finishes the last word, he must clip, no matter where he is. If he succeeds in getting a pop corn ball, he is eligible to draw for the prize, and he keeps the ball.

For another stunt, wrap a small prize or souvenir in tissue paper and hide it in the bottom of a large bowl or pan of popped corn. Blindfold the players, one at a time, and with a large ladle or spoon let each one dip out one ladle full of corn, depositing it in another pan. The one who dips up the prize with his ladle of corn keeps the gift.

A pop corn relay race is run by the same rules as other relay races. The group of players are divided equally in two teams. At the starting end of the course, place large empty pans, while at the other end of the track are pans filled with the big white kernels. At the word "go" the first players on each team run forward, grab a handful of the corn and return to the empty pan where they deposit their corn and touch the hand of the next one on their team who repeats the performance. No kernels dropped outside the pans count when checking up, and there are two scores which count. The team which finishes first wins twenty points, and the one having the most corn in its pan, at the finish of the race, wins twenty-five points.

The refreshment table is decorated with a huge pop corn ball in the center, on the top of which sits a little doll holding in its hands the ends of bright-colored ribbon streamers which are run to smaller pop corn balls around the edge of the table, on each of which is a little flag bearing the name of a guest.

Balls of pressed chicken, potato chips, bread and butter sandwiches, snowballs of ice cream and round white cakes carry out the central idea in the refreshments.

THE SNOWBALL BUSH

[*Continued from page 18*]

It's coming! I remember! [*He jogs over to the barrel of rubbish at the left.*] He's asleep in this barrel—of course. [*He pulls out* J. FROST, JUNIOR, *who rubs his eyes sleepily, stretches and yawns.*]

J. FROST JR.: Where am I?

SAM: Are you Junior? [JUNIOR *nods sleepily.*]

SALLY (*severely*): Lazybones, why aren't you helping your father give his party?

J. FROST JR. (*frostily*): Icicles and snowflakes—what do *you* want to know for?

SNOODLES (*shouting and hopping around very happily*): He's found! He's found!

THREE LITTLE SNOW MEN (*their heads popping over the back fence again*): Where? Where? Where?

SNOODLES (*proudly*): In the barrel—asleep. I found him. But Sally and Sam helped me.

LITTLE SNOW MEN (*grabbing hold of* JUNIOR): Hurry up, now. The party is waiting for you, Junior. They won't begin till you get there.

J. FROST JR.: All right. All right. Don't hustle a fellow so! [*The three hurry him off at the left—the two children and* SNOODLES *looking wistfully after them. Then they come back again. The snowflake fairies dance in with them.*]

FIRST LITTLE SNOW MAN: I forgot—Jack Frost said that whoever found Junior could have an invitation to his party. (*The three snow men draw themselves up stiffly, bow and recite*):

Mr. Jack Frost
requests the pleasure of
Sam, Sally and Snoodles'
company at his birthday snow ball
immediately
R. S. V. P.

SALLY (*smiling and punching* SAM *and* SNOODLES *with her elbows*): All together now!

SAM, SNOODLES and SALLY (*bowing*):

Sam, Sally and Snoodles
Accept with pleasure
Mr. Jack Frost's
kind invitation for his snow ball
immediately!

ALL: Hurrah! [*The snowflake fairies toss diamond dust into the air and dance out at left, beckoning the others.*]

J. FROST JR.: Hurry up, though, or the snow ice cream will melt.

[*As they hippity-hop joyously off the stage, the curtain goes down and we hear them singing again to the tune of "Merrily We Roll Along."*]

Come along, let's sing a song,
A dingly-tingly snowflake song,
Of icy dells and jingle bells
And Jack Frost's fairy throng!

CURTAIN

THE MYSTERY OF MIFFLES

[*Continued from page 22*]

We had left Miffles curled up on a cushion in the back corner of the hall, but when I went to find him, he wasn't there. I whistled softly, and there was an answering bark from the upper corridor. When I ran up the stairs I found him crouched before the closed door of Patty's room.

"Come on down," I told him. "Daddy wants to see you."

He gave a last wistful glance at the door and followed at my heels. I was so tickled I could have hugged him. Miffles *was* an obedient dog, as our parents would soon see.

"He's an appealing little fellow, isn't he?" said Daddy, shaking the small white paw. "And not so dumb at that."

He pulled the dog closer to him and read the name engraved on the silver collar. Then he turned the collar over and looked at the other side. "S. V. C.," he read. "Probably those are his master's initials. I'm afraid your mother is right, Patsy. The person who gave him to you had no legal right to him. We'll have to advertise."

"But in what paper, Uncle Harry?" Patty asked. "The man didn't even know the name of the town that he was in."

"Humph!" Daddy was silent for a moment. "Well, whether we advertise or not, the owner will probably be along to put in his claim. It's my belief that the fellow knew he was about to be caught and palmed the dog off on you children."

"But he was an awfully nice man, Uncle Harry," Patty protested, "and he could do the funniest tricks. "He took the dog out of a high silk hat—honest injun, he did—and he picked a piece of paper out of the empty air."

"A piece of paper?"

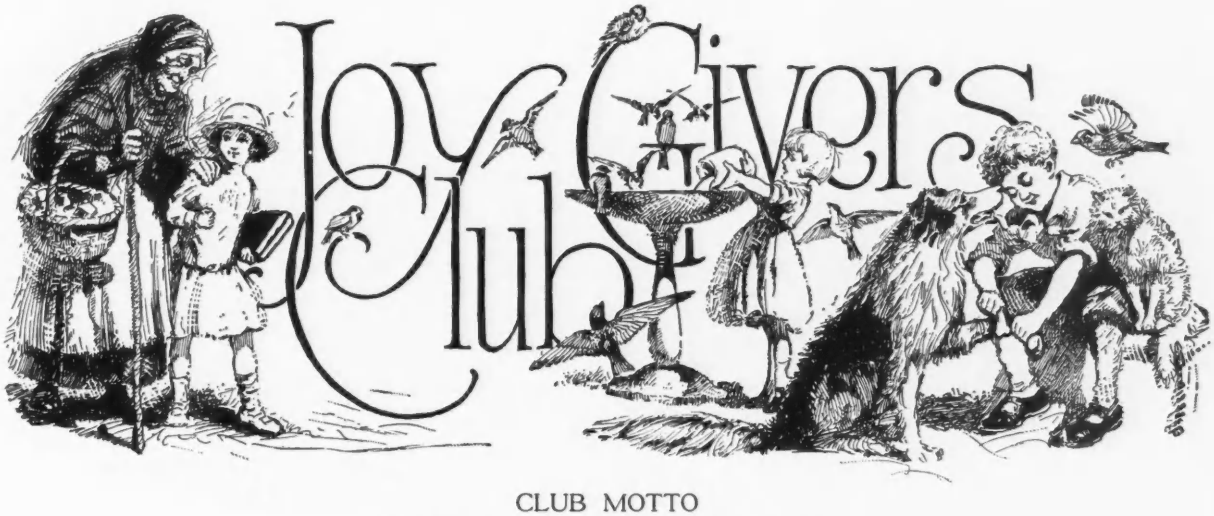
"Yes, and I was going to read it," I explained, "but he told me it was an important document and to put it in my pocket and show it to you when you came home."

"Let me see it, Patsy. That may explain everything."

I dashed upstairs, with Miffles joyfully barking at my heels, eager to be back in Patty's room again. But when I looked in the pocket of the dress I had worn that afternoon, the paper had disappeared.

And though we searched the grounds and searched the house, it was nowhere to be found.

[*Part III of "The Mystery of Miffles" will appear in the February issue of "Child Life."*]



CLUB MOTTO

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club.

The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about them in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to

CHILD LIFE ROSE WALDO, *Editor*
CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY 536 S. CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

This month the Joy Givers' Club is publishing the work of its honorary members who are between the ages of thirteen and fifteen years.

THE WONDERFUL KITES

Way, way up in the blue, blue sky
Above the houses and trees
Bobbing and floating about on high
Like hundreds of tiny bees,
Tugging their strings with main and might,
What is more fun than a splendid kite?
My, they're at a terrible height—
Nothing as fine as these.

ANGINETTE CRANDELL MCCORD,
Written when aged 14. Denver, Colo.

THE RAIN STORM

(A poem written after reading Whittier's "Snowbound.")

From out the clouds so gray and drear
The armies of the rain appear,
Each drop a silver-armored knight.
Before their onslaught, day takes flight.

Though prisoners to all that host
And not a victory we can boast,
Within our hearth's encircling glow,
We laugh and mock the outside foe.

JOSEPHINE KETCHUM,
Long Beach, Calif.

FLORENCE TEETS

GOOD NIGHT

The big round sun sinks in the west.
Where does it go while the children rest?
The pink and purple clouds sink, too,
And leave the sky a dusky blue.
The stars (God's lanterns) come in sight.
I think sunset is God's good night.

ADRIENNE KOHL,
Age 13. Mason City, Iowa.

MY ROOM—MY GARDEN

Carpets of velvets,
Ceilings of gold,
Walls of marble,
So I am told—
A king's room—a palace.

A carpet of greens,
A ceiling of blues,
Walls of flowers
Of different hues—
My room—my garden.

A king to his velvets;
But give me the sod,
Far I am sure that
Mine's nearer God.
My room—my garden.

MARION JAMES,
Aurora, Ill.

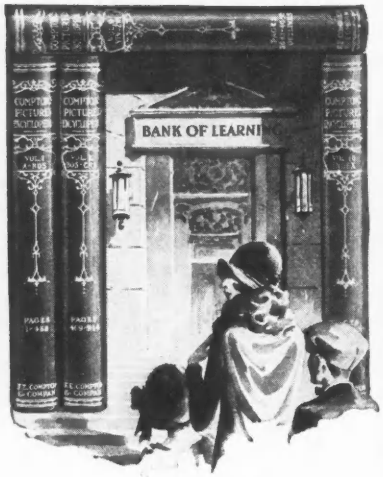
Dear Miss Waldo:

I guess I am older than a majority of your readers but just the same I like to read "Child Life's" stories. I am a freshman in high school. I am sending a snapshot of myself when I graduated from eighth grade.

I am sending you a make-believe story I wrote when I was eleven. I have traveled quite a bit and am now writing a book of travels. I have also camped out and am also writing a camp story.

An Illinois booster,

FLORENCE TEETS,
Age 13. Milledgeville, Ill.



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For Compton's is the first complete set of reference books in encyclopedic form that children have ever had. And so interestingly written that no mother has ever had to urge her children to "look it up in Compton's."

If you want to help your children to get ahead in school and in later life, mail this coupon now. You will be doing the greatest thing for your children you have ever done. You will be finding out how to put part of their Christmas money into the Bank of Learning, and that is the one bank in which they can never be overdrawn.

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Notice to Joy Givers

CONTRIBUTIONS intended for the Joy Givers' department of the April issue of "Child Life" will be received in this office up to and not later than January 30. Stories from 250 to 400 words in length and poems suitable for this issue are desired, as well as letters about interesting places you have visited, unusual things that you have done, interesting pets, etc.—these to be accompanied, if you wish, by your photograph. The best of these contributions will be selected and published; but even in cases where we cannot print your stories and poems and letters because of lack of space, we are always glad to hear from you.

A LEGEND ABOUT WHERE RACES ORIGINATED

Once upon a time a long, long time ago there lived a large family in Arabia.. There were six children and a grandmother, besides the mother and father. Their skin was very white and pretty.

The oldest boy was a big over-grown boy called Sambo. One day while walking in one of his day dreams he tumbled into a deep pit. Taro, a daring, wide-awake little mischievous boy, saw Sambo fall and ran for help. Bringing Lonely Cloud another brother and a strong rope, together they pulled him out. But what a change! Instead of his shining white skin a black shiny one took its place. He was too lazy to wash and so by the time he got home the mud had baked on his face never to come off again. He started for the Red Sea to be cleansed but never was. He went on into Africa where his nature was suited by wild vegetation. And thus the black race was started.

One day about one year after Sambo had left, Taro was out in the desert looking for caravans. He was very hot and sweating to beat the band. He put his hand over his eyes and looking far off in the distance, he saw a sand storm was speeding with all swiftness in his direction. He turned around and ran but found that the sand was gaining on him. He fell to the ground, putting his face next to the ground for air. The sand was soon upon him, wiping and stinging his face. The storm soon passed and he jumped to his feet to find himself covered with the yellow sand dust which is impossible to wash off if the sun has once shone on it. There was no water near and the sun shone unmercifully down on poor Taro. The sun was so hot it hurt his eyes and squinted them. When he at last reached home, tired and hungry, he found himself unknown by every one. He started for Africa but was too dazed and ended up in China, starting the yellow or Mongolian race.

After Taro and Sambo were both gone Lonely Cloud was more lonely than ever. The small twins and baby brother were all there, but the baby slept most of the time and the twins liked to sit, talk, and eat, while Lonely Cloud loved to roam and be alert for something new. One day he saw a caravan and went to welcome it. The people were friendly Arabians telling Lonely Cloud if he could win a race from their swiftest runners they would give him some red wine. Naturally he won the race as he was very fleet of foot. He sipped some of the red wine and it tasted very good. He soon drank the whole keg and lost his sense of direction. He had

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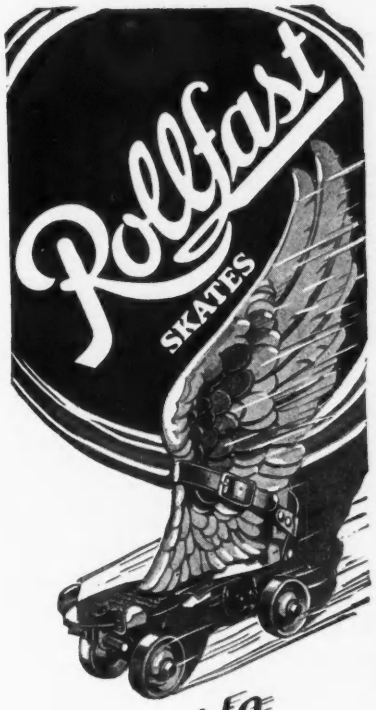

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ROLLFAST BALL BEARING ROLLER SKATES
Built close to the ground like a modern automobile. All parts carefully constructed of steel best suited for their particular purpose.

PATENTED FLEXIBLE REINFORCEMENT
This safety feature permits the skate to give freely. Yet extended to full length, Rollfast Roller Skates never sag or bend.

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Rollfasts run on self-contained dust-proof ball bearing wheels, with big ¼" steel balls mounted on rubber cushioned truck.

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Nickel finish on heel plates, toe plates and high back. Cadmium plated axles, nuts, pins, washers and other working parts.

ADJUSTABLE TO FIT ANY SIZE SHOE
Rollfasts are extensible from 7½ to 10½ inches—can be made to fit young or old.

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Rollfast ball bearing roller skates are for sale wherever sporting goods, toys, hardware or bicycles are sold.

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D. P. Harris Building New York, N. Y.

gone a good many miles before he really came to his right mind. He saw water and a boat and thought how fine if he could row. When he had settled himself he looked into the water, which reflected a swarthy red-skinned man. He knew it would be useless to go home, so he pushed off and came to America where he has since made his home.

The twins were sad and lonely without Lonely Cloud. One day their father came home and told them that he would take them with him on one of his journeys. The twins were tickled and there was a bustle to get ready. They started away early one night, traveling all night and part of the day, but it soon grew too hot and they stopped for the day, at a large oasis where several hundred people lived. Many wealthy date growers lived here in large and fine homes. One of the wealthiest had a much prized black walnut tree he had bought in a faraway country, as he had a keen taste for nuts. The twins had been wandering around waiting for something to turn up when they suddenly spied the strange tree. One of them touched it and a brown fluid or sap was running from it and it turned his hand a grimy brown. He quickly wiped it off and thought nothing of it. They went back to camp and found their elders planning a masquerade for the evening. At once one of them thought of the sap. He told his brother, and together they painted themselves with the brown sap. After winning the first prize their father ordered them to wash it off but to the chagrin of both father and sons it was a much harder job than smearing it on, for it refused to come off. Their father was very angry and ordered them away, saying they would bring disgrace to the family. After a long hard trudge they came to Siam and thus started the brown race and the Siamese twins. Only baby brother was left to carry on the white race, and so to-day these five races are existing.

FLORENCE TEETS,
Milledgeville, Ill.

THE AIR DERBY

It was the day of the big race. All the people were on the large aviation field. All nations had a plane entered. It was a wonderful sight to see. Flags of every country were hung everywhere. People were shouting, and the roars of engines were heard.

At last the planes were rolled out of their hangars. The mechanics were carefully going over the powerful motors to see that everything was well. At the first hangar stood a speedy looking "Lockheed" monoplane with the Japanese flag attached to the struts. At the second hangar stood a "Picairn" biplane. Next that was an "American Moth Monoplane." There were also many other planes in front of their hangars.

A bugle blew and the planes were rolled in front of the starting line. The pilots heard their instructions and climbed into the cockpits. At the word, "contact," the mechanics spun the propellers and the planes were off.

Tahiki, the Japanese pilot, forced his plane into the lead. He passed the mile tower with his "Lockheed" still in the lead. As the planes went around the second tower there was a crash. The German plane had collided and fallen in flames. The third and fourth were passed without mishap. At last the final tower was left. There were only three planes left in the race—"The Lockheed" "The Pitcairn," and "The Moth." The Japanese plane was slightly in the lead, when the American Moth burst into the lead and passed over the finishing line amid the cheers from a thousand throats.

IRVING SPAR,
Age 14. Brooklyn, N. Y.

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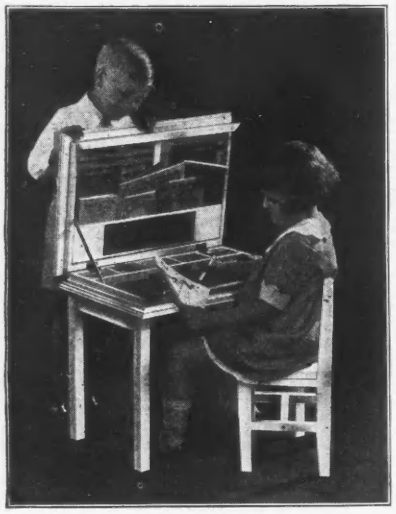

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When I'm downhearted and feeling blue,
Somebody cares—my mother;
Through thick and thin she's always true;
Somebody cares—my mother.
Somebody cares;
My mother cares;
Through thick and thin she's always true;
Somebody cares—my mother.

When my pet plans fail to do their best,
Somebody cares—my mother;
Her loyalty will stand any test;
Somebody cares—my mother.
Somebody cares;
My mother cares;
Through thick and thin she's always true;
Somebody cares—my mother.

SEXSON E. HUMPHREYS,
Age 15. Bloomfield, Ind.

KING

I have always wanted a dog, but never got one until two years ago. I was crazy about dogs and would have been satisfied with anything from a rat terrier to a bloodhound.

Finally Christmas two years ago, when I looked under the tree, imagine my surprise at finding an Airedale pup tied to it. At first I did not notice him because I never expected to get a pedigreed dog.

We thought of calling him Trix, Teddy, and many other names. But finally we decided to call him Kenwyn King after the name of the kennels that he came from. But nobody calls him by his pedigreed name, but King for short.

King is a very clever dog, and is an expert swimmer. We had a fence built in the back yard to keep him in the yard during school hours, but as soon as I got home I would take King out with me and stay out until supper time. However, the fence meant nothing to him, because he learned to jump it in a short length of time. Everybody on the street knew him and liked him, and whenever the boys would go anywhere he would go, too.

When we first got him he would eat anything we gave him, but lately he is kind of particular. When there is something on his plate that he does not like, he will upset the pan on the floor, or cover it over with a piece of paper and then push it under a table or chair.

King often does something that he should not do, that is, he gets hold of a book or paper and tears it up. The funny thing is we never can catch him at it, but always find out about it after the damage is done. Anyhow I can always forgive him.

THOMAS B. HUBER, JR.
Age 14. Astoria, L. I., N. Y.

Dear Miss Waldo:

For three years I was a subscriber to your magazine and it was a great event when it made its monthly appearance at our house. I outgrew it but still re-read the old copies which we have and the new at our public library. I was always peculiarly interested in the Toytown Tattler (perhaps you will remember my entry in the Tattler contest; it won fourth prize), and the Joy Givers' Club. Some way I never got up enough courage then to send in anything, but just to-day I was perusing an old copy and found that it contained contributions of honorary members. Thinking there might sometime be another of these I decided to contribute a poem that I wrote during my first year as a subscriber and another written this year. Some of the improvement may be attributed to the good influencing poetry contained in the pages of my thirty-six "Child Lifes."

SEXSON E. HUMPHREYS.

Speed! Thrills! Swiftest Race Ever Run!

DOWN the track like bullets from a gun! Throttles open! Motors roaring! A race you'd never forget—just picture it—the big red "Sunbeam" and the famous "Blue Bird," record holders of over 200 miles an hour at Daytona Beach—if they should ever match speeds together!

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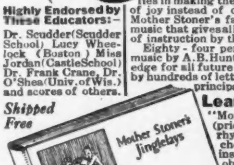

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